



# THE ACADEMY

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1854

NOVEMBER 16, 1907

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LIFE AND LETTERS

IN our issue of October 26th we stigmatised Mr. Lloyd-George's intervention in the railway dispute. In spite of the unanimous chorus of extravagant eulogy which has been recklessly bestowed on him by all sections of the Press, we see no reason to modify our opinion. Our contention was that Mr. George came into the railway dispute as an avowed and violent partisan of one of the parties to the dispute. By his intervention he has succeeded in obtaining for the party which he represented a concession to which it was not entitled, and which without his interference it possessed no chance of obtaining. The railway directors, "in the interests of peace," have made a concession which they will live to regret. Ample evidence is afforded by the utterances of Mr. Bell and his supporters that those who make it their business to stir up strife between servants and masters are not satisfied, and regard the new basis merely as a jumping ground from which to obtain further concessions. The word "compromise" is rapidly being elevated into the position in the English language which used to be occupied by the word "principle." If a man have a principle, he has no business to compromise; if he has not, it is, of course, the very best thing that he can do. That is why we regard the "settlement" of the railway crisis as a victory for Mr. Bell. It is a victory which we deplore.

As regards the instances of local persecution which we cited in the same issue as typical of Wales and Cornwall, a note by our contemporary, *The Western Mail*, has been brought to our notice. It affirms its right to demand a more explicit statement concerning the action for slander to which we alluded. Our notes are all reprinted by another contemporary, *The Cornish Post*, in its issue for the 7th of November. In our second note we wrote: "Our readers must judge from their experience whether these stories are typical; we tell them as such, and we have reason to think that they represent more than types." In our last note we wrote: "We trust that the British Constitution Association will inquire into the existence of facts such as those on which these narratives are founded." These sentences are sufficiently explicit concerning the nature of our stories. In deference to our contemporaries' feelings we will state them a little more explicitly. Our stories are neither reports nor fictional illustra-

tions, they are narratives founded on facts, to the best of our knowledge. Of such facts we invited the investigations which it is not in our province to make.

Concerning the slander story told in our third note, we do not intend to accept our contemporary's invitation. The damages awarded were no atonement to the plaintiff and his family for the persecution to which they were subjected, and we shall not annoy them further by any more explicit statement in these pages. On the other hand, we do not intend "to kick a dead dog," and we leave the defendants to digest the lesson which their outlay has taught them. The political nonconformity of Wales and Cornwall is not exactly coterminous with topical boundaries. We are glad to be able to corroborate our contemporary's memory, and to present him with the following correction of detail if it can be regarded of any value. We find that the locality which was the scene of the scandal is not situated on the Welsh or Cornish side of the boundaries, but is in the "marches."

By giving local publicity to our remarks, *The Western Mail* and *The Cornish Post* have helped to extend the salutary effects of the verdict throughout the districts in which they circulate. We do not assert that the accredited ministers of any religious body whatever teach or countenance the offensive combinations and blackmailing which we condemn. It is possible that they may not know of them; thanks to the efforts of our two Cornish contemporaries those ministers, who live in Cornwall and its confines at least, know of them now. If their indignation leads them to inquire, as we advised, on what foundation our charges are based, we shall not have made them in vain, for ministers can do much to prevent the evils of which we wrote.

The practice amongst publishers of offering substantial monetary rewards for initial efforts in the domain of fiction appears to grow more popular, and we must therefore assume more profitable, with each successive season. The practice has been in existence now for quite three to five years, but one cannot honestly say that it has, up to the present, introduced to the reading public a single new writer of outstanding individual distinction or merit. All the many "best first novels" have been purely designed for a cheap and ephemeral popularity. They have, without exception, been carefully fashioned from some well-worn pattern, and each has evidently been awarded a prize because the judges selected it from the other competitors on the assumption that it was more likely to make an instantaneous appeal to a large public. This is not as it should be, but, indeed, the whole scheme, as worked at present, forbids the encouragement of either individuality or originality. The large monetary rewards are an initial obstacle to such encouragement, because it is only reasonable that when a publisher has disbursed a considerable sum out of his private coffers on the work of an unknown author he should choose such work as carries with it the possibility of reimbursement, to say nothing of profit. Thus the commercial standard governs the entire business. It would be pleasant to find a publisher with ideals—and he may yet be found—who would appoint a select committee to judge the works of unknown authors, and to award the prize of publication simply to literary merit, without thought of immediate commercial gain.

The reception accorded to Mr. Stephen Phillips's new volume of verses in the weekly reviews and daily newspapers provides a very startling commentary on the value of contemporary criticism. The new book

has been praised or condemned in the quietest and most unobtrusive fashion. Had it been published a few years ago when Mr. Churton Collins and other "critics" were comparing Mr. Phillips with Milton, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Dante, and Tennyson, it would undoubtedly have been the one literary topic of the hour. All the complimentary adjectives in the English language would have flared out in fulsome gush and admiration. To-day Mr. Phillips's meed is faint praise and faint blame. This, of course, does not mean that Mr. Phillips has deteriorated or improved. It simply demonstrates the fact that the majority of our contemporary critics are uncommonly like sheep and can do very little save follow a leader. The days when Mr. Phillips was interviewed by the *Daily Mail* on how he made one thousand a year out of writing poetry have passed, but our author need not despair. Fashions fluctuate, but the dressmakers tell us that revivals are always to be expected. Some day the *Daily Mail* may take notice of Mr. Phillips again, but it will have to be ten thousand a year this time. To be in the fashion one must raise one's prices.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Morning Post* writes an interesting note on the views of three German critics of English literature, Prof. Richard Wülker, Prof. Groth, and Prof. Hermann Conrad. The occasion is the recent appearance of Prof. Wülker's "*Geschichte der Englishchen Literatur*" in a second edition to which Prof. Groth has added an elaborate criticism of contemporary writers. Prof. Conrad, outside this work, represents a different view. Prof. Wülker's criticism, first published eleven years ago, shows that Byron is still placed by Germans on an exaggerated pedestal. He considers him the greatest English poet after Shakespeare. There is probably no English critic, and scarcely a living English amateur, of poetry who would place him anywhere approaching this eminence. To do so is almost a proof of incapacity to judge English verse. Yet Prof. Wülker fairly represents on this point the consensus of continental criticism. Though continental criticism of English prose is in the main far juster than our own, it becomes more and more evident that a foreigner can scarcely judge English poetry, at any rate on its purely lyrical side. The protean melody of the English language can only be heard by those who have listened to it from childhood, indeed in childhood, when the ear is most sensitive to its subtle notes.

We are already accustomed to the Byron heresy, but it is amazing and instructive to note that Prof. Wülker considers George Eliot the greatest of English authoresses. A similar view has been held by her enthusiastic admirers in England, but it is surprising that the broader excellencies of Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, Maria Edgeworth, Elizabeth Gaskell, or even Susan Ferrier, and above all the unique and incomparable genius of Emily Brontë, do not appeal more to a foreigner than the rather provincial merits of George Eliot. We are not told what judgment Prof. Groth passes on contemporary authoresses individually. It will be interesting to learn from himself his estimate of Margaret Oliphant, who has been too seriously considered, and Charlotte Yonge, who has not been considered seriously enough, and still later of writers so diverse as Ouida, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss Cholmondeley, John Oliver Hobbes and Miss Rhoda Broughton. The whole subject will be interesting, for prose fiction is the form of Art in which women-kind takes a higher place than in any other. Sappho is a "super-man" and does not count.

We mention Prof. Hermann Conrad on account of his views on Scott. He differs from Prof. Wülker's high estimate, on the ground that the *Waverley* novels do not appeal to modern youth, and that the creations of the author's imagination are in many cases presented to youth as historical figures. This is the criticism of a highly unimaginative person, appealing to a fictitious standard. Scott did not address himself to youth particularly, great literature does not do so. We doubt if Dante appeals to modern youth as strongly as Mr. Rudyard Kipling or, to descend much lower, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. We agree with Prof. Conrad that youth at the moment is not attracted by Scott, but we do not think it is alienated from him for long, he will probably appeal to the next generation as much as he did thirty years ago. If the continual re-issue of the novels is a criterion, Scott is as much read by some ages now as he ever was. But it is surely extraordinary criticism to condemn fiction for presenting life so vividly that it has the appearance of history. Prof. Conrad strikes us as probably a better critic of literature depending on research than of literature to which the creative faculty is essential.

Surely there must be some authority, the London County Council or the Woods and Forests Department for instance, that can exercise a censorship over new buildings in London. The idea of the creation of a new censor at this moment is not likely to find much favour when so great an effort is being made to get rid of our existing dramatic censor, but something should be done to prevent the erection of such a structure as the glaring blue and white edifice that has reared itself on the site of old Gloucester House. Piccadilly is one of the few London streets of which an Englishman feels really proud. Much of the architecture is of course not of very high merit, but at any rate until the advent of this new monstrosity there was a kind of harmony in its lines, and every now and then a house like Devonshire House, Bath House, or Lord Palmerston's old house, now the Naval and Military Club, or, best of all, the late Sir Julian Goldsmid's house, with its delightful oval front, would charm the eye and make one forget the rest. Piccadilly is assuredly not the place for such spotted experiments—"Out, damned spot!"

The *Daily News* commenting on the fact that a meet of the Bedale Foxhounds has recently been arranged to take place close to the village school of Scorton in order to give a treat to the school-children indignantly suggests that this is the only country in the world where such a thing would be possible. And the *Westminster Gazette*, quoting its Nonconformist contemporary, bitterly adds, "We have an impression that in one of the illustrated papers this week there is a photograph of a group of Roman Catholic priests in full canonicals, solemnly blessing a pack of stag-hounds in the courtyard of a French Chateau." We can understand the feelings of the *Westminster Gazette*. Experience teaches us that, what to an average educated man would only appear a picturesque and charming spectacle, and to a Catholic a beautiful and touching ceremony (the dedication of stag-hounds to St. Hubert on St. Hubert's day) must of course to our sea-green contemporary's jaundiced vision appear preposterous and ridiculous. The type of mind which is able to feel virtuous indignation with a kind-hearted master of hounds who is thoughtful enough to think of arranging a meet to give pleasure to the village school-children is exactly the type of mind which habitually and instinctively sneers at everything that is beautiful and sacred and of old tradition.



## SIMAETHA

(An echo of Theocritus : Idyll II.)

I have the will to slay him, yet my hand  
Falters upon the steel, and being weak  
And womanish, the sorcerer's art I seek.

Here, girt about with moonlight, let me stand  
Where my slow fire of perished autumn leaves  
This waxen shape in hot embrace receives;

And so receiving, bids it waste and wane:  
Thus may he pass in slow dissolving pain  
Who left me tortured, desolate and banned.

Yet no, ah no! He is my lover still;  
Out, jealous flames, or e'er ye have your will,  
Another and a gentler spell I bind.

Ah, little wheel of mystery and fate,  
Trembling I watch thy turning, and await  
The fairest and the falsest of mankind;

For thou can'st draw him home, my magic wheel,  
Bring Delphis to these arms, again to feel  
Joy of that night when we twain were one fire,

When body to body burned, when murmured vows  
Died in a passionate breath, and on our brows  
Shone the pale roses of a crowned desire.

Ah, lady Moon, to thee the truth is clear,  
How madness smote my heart, when without peer  
Delphis among the wrestlers I espied.

Then knew I Love: now more than Love I know  
In these twelve days since I beheld him go  
Leaving Simaetha neither maid nor bride.

Within a carven coffer's clasp abide  
Strange charms with potency of evil fraught,  
The use whereof a wise Assyrian taught.

Wherefore if still he set my love at naught,  
Fate be my witness, Lady, Fate and thou,  
Soon at Hell's gate shall Delphis knock, I vow.

Farewell, and leave me to my sorrow now;  
Selené, Mistress, oceanward return  
With other stars that round Night's silent chariot  
burn.

IXION.

LITERATURE  
LA DIVE BOUTEILLE

*François Rabelais.* By ARTHUR TILLEY, M.A. (Lippincott Company, 1907.)

MR. TILLEY, who is a fellow and lecturer of King's College, Cambridge, and has undertaken the writing of this monograph on the great prophet of encyclopædic learning, should know, amongst other things, that Geomany does not mean "divination by earthquakes." Let him read on this point the story of Aladdin; and then a whole library of books which will teach him how the Points are cast, the Twelve Figures obtained and placed in the Twelve Houses, and how the Judgment is formed.

And the book as a whole? Well: it is rather difficult to be quite fair. Let it be said at once, and with all frankness, that it is the very work to be consulted by anyone who wants to be well instructed in the Known Facts concerning Rabelais. The mythology of Rabelais has so long held the field; the man—one of the greatest men that ever lived—has so long been represented as a kind of a learned buffoon, as the utterer of apocryphal wills, of preposterous death-bed phrases; by the malevolent Catholic as an Enemy of the Faith, by the malevolent Protestant as a monster of shameless indecency, that it is a relief to have the cold facts and the true public character of the Grand Pantagruel coolly and correctly exposed. Mr. Tilley has searched his authorities, sifted his evidence with an admirable impartiality; he shows us an excellent if rather dull personality, which is no doubt a very faithful representation of the external Rabelais as he seemed to his friends and contemporaries. He who reads Mr. Tilley's monograph will no longer harbour in his soul the Rabelais of phantasmagoria; the picture of the dissolute, runaway, drunken friar, who prostituted great talents to the service of lechery and wine-bibbing, who wrote the most "indecent" book that has ever been written. The grave humanist that was known to princes, doctors, cardinals, scholars of the sixteenth century is revived in those pages. Holywell Street is no more; but Holywell Street is scattered abroad, not with any advantage to the common decency. If Mr. Tilley's book should have the effect of banishing the "Works of Rabelais" from the modern, scattered, principality of Holywell; if we are to be wearied no longer by the appearance of the Gargantua and Pantagruel beside "Maria Monk," "Gay Life in Paris," and "Aristotle's Works," then Mr. Tilley will have deserved well of the literary commonwealth. For, of course, the right faith is that there is more true theology in Rabelais than in all the works of all the elaborate idiots who have written "Plants of the Bible," "Birds of the Jordan," "Lessons from the Kings," "Talks on the Judges," for the last hundred years; there is more theology in Rabelais than in all the reams of twopenny morality that have so foully and foolishly embroidered and defiled the great texts of mystery. It is doubtful whether the great Coleridge really understood the true ethos of Pantagruelism; but he understood enough of it to know that if Rome and Geneva could really comprehend the message, then Rome and Geneva would be alike dumbfounded.

Such being the work, it is well to have the facts of the writer's life, his character so far as it appears in his external history, coolly and accurately displayed for us; and Mr. Tilley has certainly done this mechanical part very well. More facts may be discovered, but it is unlikely that this history of Rabelais will ever become out of date. The circumstances of his father's life are duly discussed; it is shown that he was neither a

taverner nor an apothecary, but an advocate; the probabilities as to the exact place of the writer's birth are learnedly weighed; it is shown that the scenes which he must have known in boyhood appear, exalted and glorified, in the great books. Then we have the question as to the place of his novitiate in the Franciscan Order, his transference to the Benedictines, the matriculation at Montpellier, medical practice, literary work, wanderings in France, journeyings abroad; in fine, all the history of François Rabelais, so far as it has been discovered and rediscovered, is told in Mr. Tilley's book, plainly, dully, distinctly. One trusts that he will have rid the English mind for ever of its mad conception of an East End hooligan in a monk's robe, that he has dissociated finally François Rabelais from the Drink Curse: that even booksellers will cease to catalogue the Gargantua and Pantagruel under the heading *Facetiae*. One is a little disappointed that an author of Mr. Tilley's evident industry and accuracy should have not investigated a little more closely the traditional Gargantua of French folklore; it would be interesting, for example, to know whether anyone has attempted a Celtic etymology of the name; the two first syllables certainly suggest a Cymric origin. But perhaps this task had best be omitted; for if the word were shown to be pure Celtic we should have young Wales proving that the works of Rabelais are to be reckoned among the many great masterpieces of Welsh literature. Mr. Tilley says, by the way, that stories relating to Gargantua are "comparatively rare" in Touraine. The writer of this article remembers being shown in Touraine a field over which huge rocks were scattered; he was told that Gargantua had once passed that way, and being annoyed by some tiny pebbles in his shoes, had shaken them out on the land in question. The writer's informant was certainly not a man of letters; but, of course, the tradition may have been of literary and not pre-Rabelaisian origin. However, these are trifles.

It is when we cease to consider facts and dates and such matters that Mr. Tilley becomes tiresome and quite ineffectual. His account of Rabelais' work, of his philosophy, of his art, has about as much to do with the real things as an analysis of Paley has to do with the eternal mysteries of the Catholic Faith. *Sic probatur*. Mr. Tilley is dealing with the Fourth Book, the book which treats of the setting out of the Pantagrueline Company on the great Voyage and Quest of the Oracle of the Dive Bouteille. To illustrate this book our commentator has given us a careful analysis of the state of geographical knowledge in Europe from 1492 to 1550. In 1492, he says, Columbus practically discovered the American continent. In 1497 Vasco da Gama completed the work which Bartolomeo Diaz had begun, reaching India by the Cape of Good Hope. In 1513 Vasco Nunez de Balboa saw the Pacific Ocean stretched at his feet. In 1521 Ferdinand de Magellan had sailed through the straits which bear his name. There are thirteen pages of this; and the dissertation ends as follows:—

We may, then, with tolerable confidence, accept the identification and regard the Fourth Book as being, amongst other things, a noble monument to one of the most adventurous Frenchmen of his age, who died fighting against his country's foes.

Quite so: and the Pickwick may be regarded as being, amongst other things, a curious museum of legal practice in the 'thirties of the nineteenth century. Let us investigate the nature of the instrument known as a *cognovit* (an ill-bird that came home to roost at The Spaniards); let us enquire as to the method of keeping that book from which were read the words "Capias Martha Bardell"; above all, let us identify Mr. Justice Stareleigh.

Nor is Mr. Tilley more satisfactory when he pro-

ceeds to direct exegesis. In the first place he commits the capital error of looking at Rabelais through the glass of a literal morality; he considers Pantagruel, Panurge, and Brother John as if they were "characters" in a modern novel. He begs pardon for his author's grossness; it is inexcusable, he says, it is a blot on his work, it has brought on the book the penalty of comparative neglect; no great work is read so little. And again: Mr. Tilley explains the philosophy of the final chapters of the last book, of the great symbol of the Holy Bottle:

Drinking, not laughing, is declared to be the special property of man, and by drinking the priestess primarily means acting.

Now, there is no space in the columns of a weekly paper to expound all the heights and depths of the great Pantagrueline Philosophy, which has been so abundantly and completely veiled from the eyes of the lecturer at King's. But one or two points may be stated with some distinctness; and firstly we may declare, firmly and clearly, that Pantagruel, Panurge, and Brother John are *not* characters in a novel. All the analysis of their virtues and their failings, their shrewdnesses and stupidities in which Mr. Tilley indulges is nothing more or less than sheer nonsense. If we once begin on this false track we are lost, and worse than lost, we come inevitably to utter destruction—in a Rabelaisian sense. For, let us consider: accepting Pantagruel as the ideal of a Wise and Virtuous Prince, how are we to bear his taking into his employ and special favour one of the most cowardly, mean, spiteful, treacherous, murderous, filthy and profligate scoundrels that ever breathed? That is Panurge, regarded from the "serious" standpoint; and it is to be noted, by the way, that Brother John, another associate of the ideal prince, applauds with much heartiness one of Panurge's cruellest tricks. But it is clear that a really virtuous prince would not have such miscreants for friends and counsellors; and it follows that we must quite put on one side this view of the personages of the Rabelaisian Epic as "characters." They are in reality something much more subtle; they are symbols. We have said that it is doubtful whether S. T. C. had really grasped the full significance of the mythos; but he certainly saw many things which are dark to Mr. Tilley. He described Panurge as "the pollarded man," the man who was all Understanding and no Reason; and, with reserves, this interpretation may be accepted; though Coleridge's explanation of Rabelais' reasons for adopting such a symbolism—that it would not have been safe to tell the truth as to the Reason and Understanding in any other way—is, doubtless, nonsense. The full truth, however, is, probably, somewhat as follows. Pantagruel, Panurge, and Brother John are not three men: they represent an analysis of man, of humanity. It is necessary, of course, to remember that Rabelais was not a consistent artist or a consistent philosopher. It is doubtful whether he was wholly conscious of the message that he was delivering; and so while there are parts of his work which are little more than selections from the commonplace book of a sixteenth century humanist, there are others which follow closely enough the lines of the heroic romances which he imitated and parodied. But taking the scheme of the Pantagrueline Chronicles as a whole, it may well be that the three chief "characters" are the report of a vision of man. Pantagruel is the "overman," the being of pure spirit whose head is in the clouds while his feet touch the earth; he is the image of the eternal things that are in men; he is exalted and yet obscure, not very far removed from Divinity itself. And of this high personage it may be said truly enough that he harbours strange companions and wastrel



counsellors: Panurge the intellect, and Brother John the hearty animal nature; it is on voyages and quests with these dubious fellows that the High Prince goes forth; and while Pantagruel meditates the serene vision of the mysteries his attendant rascals break in with their blackguardly and disreputable adventures of mind and body; it is so, and it always has been so since the soul of man lapsed from its estate of Paradise. Mr. Tilley, as a Master of Arts and a Fellow and Lecturer of King's is (doubtless) aware that the Serpent did not ascend beyond Daath in the Tree of Life; hence the position of Pantagruel will be clear to him.

## THE ATTIC THEATRE

*The Attic Theatre.* By A. E. HAIGH. Third edition, revised and in part re-written by A. W. PICKARD-CARNBRIDGE. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

WE have always regarded Haigh's "Attic Theatre" as a characteristic work of English scholarship. In its patient collection and collocation of innumerable details, from literary and archæological sources, it approaches the character usually held to be German; in its acute handling of those details, its sound sense, its moderation, its severely practical way of keeping close to the fact that the Attic Theatre was a real place, real buildings, in which men acted and men and women came to look on, it is essentially English. The author was not consumed with the desire to prove something—to prove something reasonable if he could, but to prove something; and he was still less desirous of starting some wild-cat theory which should force his name—if only for a "putide Haigh" in a footnote—into other treatises on the same subject. When he is not sure, he says he is not sure. When he finds an imperfection in his knowledge or his argument, he acknowledges it; but he takes care that his reader shall have all the evidence before him, and that in a fair and open manner.

It is the possession of these admirable qualities—qualities shared by Mr. Pickard-Carnbridge, who has done most valuable work on the book, particularly in regard to Puchstein's theory and the more important discoveries since the lamented death of Haigh—which established Haigh as the leading opponent of Dörpfeld. Continental scholars have been far too ready to swallow Dörpfeld, and there are signs that what cannot be considered other than an erroneous notion of the Greek theatre is spreading on the Continent from the realm of the scholars to that of the popular writers. We find, for instance, in Mantzius's often valuable "History of Theatrical Art," Dörpfeld introduced with a great flourish of trumpets, as the only man who has made the Greek theatre intelligible. Vitruvius, Pollux, the scholiasts? "Late" writers, who mixed up the Greek theatre with the Roman! Yet they were earlier than Dörpfeld; and Pollux and the scholiasts had, as Haigh is careful to point out, all the tradition and the hoarded learning which Alexandria put at their disposal. They were not giving their own unfounded notions, but the records of authorities going back as far as Aristophanes and beyond. And we are asked to throw all this overboard, and believe that the Greek theatre had no stage, that the Greek actor, standing well over six feet in his *cothurni* and *onkos*, appeared in front of a palace or temple, not more, at the most, than thirteen feet high, and in some cases not more than eight. One may admit that the Greek theatre was a conventional theatre without being ready to accept so violent a breach of verisimilitude as this, just as one may recognise the *ekkyklema* and the *mechane* as clumsy devices, without being prepared to swallow the notion of a *scaena frons* a hundred feet long at Megalopolis. The argument from the line of vision of the spectator, too, is of little service. According to Haigh, the guests of

honour in the front rows could not, undoubtedly, in some theatres, see the actors below their calves, or even perhaps their knees. Those who have to occupy the front rows of the stalls in a modern theatre will know, to their disadvantage, that, whatever else they may be able to see, they cannot see—under the usual conditions—the feet and ankles of the players. Dörpfeld would have us believe that the guests of honour in the Greek theatre could see little but the *onkos*, the top of the actor's mask, the rest of him being hidden by the three rows of chorus with whom he shared the orchestra. Too much, of course, can be made of the evidence of this or that argument among the many brought forward by Haigh; of the theatres at Sicyon or Eretria, of the lack of doors in the proscenium, or the difficulty about the votive statues; just as too much weight may be allowed to Vitruvius and Pollux. But the cumulative effect of the evidence is overwhelming. And a stronger argument still is this: that, just as we can trace the evolution, step by step, of our own "picture-stage," through the "platform-stage" of Cibber and Garrick, to the planks and trestles of The Theatre or The Globe, and thence to the bull-ring, so we can, with corresponding certainty, considering the wide and various nature of the field, trace the Roman stage of Orange or Pompeii back through the lofty stage of the Græco-Roman theatres to the low stage of the classic Greek theatre, and thence to the cart of Thespis or the platform of the Coryphaeus. Dörpfeld, and those who have embroidered on his theory, ask us to accept, in place of development, sudden innovations, fundamental changes, and a course of fits and starts.

There can be little question that Haigh is right in regarding the position of the altar in the theatre at Priene as exceptional. The years that have elapsed since the excavation of that theatre have, we believe, brought to light no other instance of a *thymele* placed at the circumference of the orchestra. That the position is convenient, as leaving plenty of room for the movements of the chorus, was proved in a practical manner by the production of the *Medea* at University College last spring, when Professor Ernest Gardner adopted it in his little extempore theatre. But the natural position for the altar would be the centre, and the chorus would naturally encircle it in a dance whose origin was the celebration of its deity. On the double sets of vertical lines engraved along the front of the rows of seats (p. 97), we have a suggestion to submit, for what it is worth. The lines in what Haigh calls the first set were thirteen inches apart; those in the second, and fainter, set were sixteen inches apart. Is it possible that increase of population made it necessary to reduce the space allotted to each spectator, and that the thirteen-inch divisions were substituted for the sixteen-inch? Thirteen inches, we are aware, is but a small allowance, but not much smaller than what the gallery-boy must squeeze himself into at a music-hall, and certainly not so small as to be justly dismissed as "too narrow for this purpose."

On p. 19 we notice a bad misprint: "there" in line 5 should be "three," or the paragraph loses its point.

## RELIGIONS OF EAST AND WEST

*Many Mansions, being Studies in Ancient Religion and Modern Thought.* By WILLIAM SAMUEL LILLY, Honorary Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge. (London: Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. LILLY's new and learned volume might be profitably compared with the late Sir Alfred Lyall's "Asiatic Studies," now reprinted in a sixpenny form by the Rationalist Press Association. Both writers had been in their time Indian officials; both enjoyed, therefore,

the priceless advantage, in Sir Alfred's words, of considering close at hand "an ancient religion, still alive and powerful, which is a mere troubled sea, without shore or visible horizon, driven to and fro by the winds of boundless credulity and grotesque invention"; both would willingly grant "the vast external reform worked upon the heathen world by Christianity, as it was organised and executed throughout Europe by the combined authority of the Holy Roman Empire and the Catholic Church." They differ in their methods and, to some extent, in their subject-matter. Sir Alfred Lyall is constantly picturesque; he keeps Brahmanism chiefly in view, and he draws much more upon experience than books. Mr. Lilly is concerned with metaphysics, not with popular religion; he employs a somewhat academic, though very readable style; and quotation from experts overflows in his pages, which describe the old Hindu creeds merely in passing, while they are copious on Buddhism and Islam (including the Sufi or Persian variety), and furnish monographs, more or less complete, on Spinoza, Kant, Schopenhauer. The concluding essay sums up and appraises "the newest view of Christ," as set out in Professor Pfeleiderer's work, "Die Entwicklung des Christenthums."

These chapters are all reprints, two of them from a previous volume, now exhausted, on ancient religion and modern thought. As a general introduction we find the sacred books of the East briefly tabulated under Max Müller's guidance, but with special reference for Buddhism to Professor Rhys Davids, for the Avesta to M. Darmesteter, for the Chinese religious classics to Dr. Legge, and for the Koran (we prefer this accepted spelling) to H. E. Palmer. Mr. Lilly's authorities in every instance are the best, and commonly the latest. He adopts a sympathetic tone in dealing with all founders and exponents of widely-spread systems, whether assenting to any part of them or putting aside their main contentions. Much valuable thought and curious reading deserve acknowledgment here. But there is no mistaking the influence of Immanuel Kant on this work as a whole. "Kant and the Buddha" presents an interesting series of parallels between the two great intellectual agnostics, with differences also clearly marked. We have no criticism to offer as regards the Indian sage. But we do not perceive in Mr. Lilly's handsome procedures towards Kant that he has faced the central problem of the Kantian dialectic—how reason, when reduced to speculative impotence *a priori*, is to recover, by any sort of categorical judgment or ethical practice, its absolute knowledge that the "moral law within us" is objectively valid. Kant's destruction of certitude in first principles has always been the scandal of his "Critiques." It may be added that the philosopher's respect for "the creed and cult"—i.e., Lutheran Christianity—which prevailed around him was highly prudential. His dark sayings and apparent relapse into the argument from design were due, as we should hold with T. H. Huxley, to the conditions by which he kept his chair at Königsberg, rather than to lack of style or change of sentiment. Mr. Lilly does not propose to do more than expound the famous theory of relative knowledge with its limits in experience. But he would have conferred a great service on his readers by pointing out the dangers which attend on what is undoubtedly a sophism of the first magnitude.

In handling Spinoza, the saint of Amsterdam, and Schopenhauer, the unsaint of Frankfort, our volume is much more satisfactory. It does that in both cases which the time requires; after a candid statement of what the authors have to say for themselves, it goes on to discriminate between their views and the critic's own position—at least, in outline. This judgment, which the average man needs to get from his teachers amid the confusion of modern talk, is at length lucidly expressed when the greatest of all religions comes to

be considered. Professor Pfeleiderer is a Lutheran, whose Christ no longer seems miraculous or supernatural, and whose Bible is so very human that, in any saving sense, it is no longer divine. Mr. Lilly gives an excellent account of this Rationalism, declares it unequal to the facts and wanting in probability. He cannot accept the "new view of Christ," which he esteems far less plausible than the old, as maintained by Catholic tradition. So we end our survey of East and West with something definite; we have a standard by which to weigh in the balance philosophies, however ambitious, and religions, however venerable. That is a clear gain. For we can do without much of this knowledge; but certitude in belief is the guide of life.

## THE OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.—VOL. II.

*History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902.*

Compiled by direction of His Majesty's Government by Major-General SIR FREDERICK MAURICE, K.C.B. (Hurst and Blackett, 21s. net.)

### I.—LORD ROBERTS'S CAMPAIGN.

It is impossible for the reviewer to approach Sir Frederick Maurice's admirable history of the war in South Africa without considerable diffidence. In the first place the work is to an extraordinary degree devoid of all controversial matter. In the second the arrangement of material is so excellent, and the language of description so dignified, that there is small place for the reviewer to practise the usual artifices of his trade. In dealing with a work which has so very much to commend it, the most that the present writer can hope to do is to discover between the lines of the editor's carefully balanced narrative certain tendencies to an opinion upon controversial matters which may furnish material for discussion. All this is as it should be. The purpose of an official historian is not to supply a tissue of heroics or a vivid narrative of sentimental purport. It is his duty to sift carefully all the conflicting narratives which exist descriptive of various phases of the war, and placing them alongside the official records, to attune them in a just proportion to their merits, and thus serve them, in dignified language, as an unbiassed record to generations of soldiers yet unborn.

The writer is confident that this has been the object that Sir Frederick Maurice has kept steadfastly in front of him, and in his rigid adherence to this principle will be found the real value of his history. It is claimed by many that both this and other histories dealing with our struggle in South Africa which have already appeared will lose much of their value as instruments of future instruction from the fact that they have made their appearance within so short a period of the conclusion of hostilities: that the narratives—to use the stereotyped phrase—are too near the event to enable the historian to arrive at a just perspective. After a careful study of Sir Frederick Maurice's two volumes, it is the writer's opinion that, with regard to more recent military history, the above is a wrong conclusion. It might have been true of campaigns in the last century, when armies in the field possessed the smallest capacity for staff record and were composed of material incapable of giving immediate effect to its impressions. It is intelligible that the irregular staff diaries and erratic imaginative recollections of combatants, then serving as the historian's material, required a considerable period to elapse before they could be satisfactorily handled. But in the twentieth century all these conditions have been changed. We have only to take the volume under review and to examine the various



verbatim reports with which it is garnished to realise how admirably throughout the campaign the official records were kept. And we know ourselves that over 400 independent volumes have been published descriptive of the struggle in South Africa. This library alone practically covers every action and skirmish in the campaign, and gives opinions, feelings and sensations from the point of view of every rank and degree in the service.

Moreover—and this is a very considerable point—the facilities of modern communication have made it possible for the editors of military history to submit to the responsible survivors of the operations described each draft of their narrative for comment and suggestion. It would seem to the reviewer that no lapse of time would enable the historian to gain a fairer estimate or a truer knowledge of his material than this constant and ready access to the minds of survivors. It is true that at some far date, when the details of skirmish and action have ceased to possess a personal interest to the nation, some future historian with this material in hand may compile a less vexatious narrative by omitting much of that material which the chroniclers of the Peninsular, Mutiny, and Crimea campaigns were never able to obtain.

For the purpose of review the second volume of the official history divides itself conveniently into two parts—viz., Lord Roberts's operations for the relief of Kimberley and Sir Redvers Buller's terrific battling on the Tugela. It is not the purpose of the reviewer to follow in detail the narrative of either of these momentous movements. In outline it is all contemporary history, but there are facts and phases in the narrative which are so admirably dealt with by the official historian that they deserve special emphasis. Thus, at the beginning of the chapter which describes the relief of Kimberley we have the following insight into Lord Roberts's mental conception of the strategy of his first campaign:

His first two days' march, in a south-easterly direction towards Bloemfontein, were, therefore, useful in keeping up the illusion he had endeavoured to foster that that town, and not Kimberley, was the point at which he was aiming. He thus even still hoped yet further to take advantage of the enemy's knowledge of Sir Redvers Buller's design. That design—a direct movement on Bloemfontein—when published in London newspapers before the embarkation of the army corps had been telegraphed to Pretoria. These lamentable indiscretions, as well as the information obtained by the Boers from documents captured at Talana, had been turned to good account. False orders for a concentration at Colesberg had been industriously circulated by his intelligence staff, while the true orders were communicated to as few persons as possible, and only sent to the troops at the last moment. Yet, surrounded as Lord Roberts's camps were by zealous friends of the enemy, it seemed impossible that his real plan should not become known before the moment for the advance arrived. By moving at first towards Bloemfontein, he left his real intentions still uncertain, and tended to awake alarm lest the capital was still his immediate object, though the mode of approaching it had been changed from that originally proposed. The march at the same time enabled him to keep out of Cronje's observation, whilst the cavalry, without alarming him, drew near to that General's line of connection with the besiegers of Kimberley.

It is true that the official historian fails to give any evidence as to how far the "personal equation" entered into the Field Marshal's conclusions. It would have been interesting to know whether the story quoted later from Count Sternberg's "My Experiences of the Boer War," intimating that Cronje affected a supreme contempt for the British cavalry, described an attitude of mind which Lord Roberts had already appreciated. Or whether the latter took the risk of moving round the enemy's flank without considering the opposing general's mental limitations. It is on points like this that the official historian fails us, and we suppose that the historian of the future, building from the information that we have now in front of us, and writing with true perspective, will claim for the Field Marshal this point concerning which we are now left in doubt.

There are many, many passages in Sir Frederick Maurice's narrative that we would wish to have clearly

placed before the nation. Unfortunately the readers of the official history will be limited, therefore much of the calumny invented by an hysterical Press during the war will become hereditary gospel, and, as such, pass down to future historians. For instance, we find, based upon the authority of official telegrams, that at the very moment when we in this country were engaged in abusing our Intelligence Department, and cursing our cavalry reconnaissance, the Boer generals, in their secret official telegrams, were complaining bitterly to Pretoria that "the English possess better scouts and a better intelligence department than we do." It becomes evident as one wades through the History that there were many more newspaper indiscretions perpetrated in this country than those lamented by the official historian in the extract already given.

It is possible that many readers of the History will find Sir Frederick Maurice at his best in those pages which deal with the conduct of the population in Kimberley immediately before the relief. In the matter of the Rhodes-Kekewich controversy the official historian is able to put aside for a moment his mask of uncompromising narrative. The delicate manner in which this phase is handled gives a significance to the pages involved which perhaps no other portion of the volume possesses. After succinctly pointing out that neither Rhodes nor the inhabitants of South African towns possessed that hereditary knowledge of sieges and beleaguering which is more or less a birthright in Continental towns, and which of itself helps to make a civilian population amenable to military authority, he shows the great services which Cecil Rhodes rendered to South Africa and the nation at large, and clearly demonstrates the failings of this great man when the unique experience of military investment was thrust upon him. So great a bearing had Cecil Rhodes's personality upon the campaign that it was able to coerce Lord Roberts so far as to make him precipitate his general movement before its final detail had been completed. Writing of this question, the official historian says:

Nor is it possible to ignore the influence which the potent personage, once well-nigh the uncrowned ruler of South Africa, exercised upon all stages of the strategy of the campaign. This, as well as the extent to which public anxiety both at home and in the Colony, had centred on the safety of Kimberley, made it impossible for Sir Redvers Buller to leave that town to work out its own salvation, and compelled him, in the hour of greatest strain, to launch Lord Methuen on the march to its relief.

These are both momentous assertions, and the sequel should be written large in the minds of every thoughtful soldier. Sentiment was allowed to control the great machine of arms. In both cases the machine rebelled against this misuse. In the case of Lord Methuen's gallant attempt to relieve Kimberley we have the whole plan of the campaign changed and altered, while the fact that Lord Roberts commenced his operations for the relief of Kimberley two days before the scheduled plan was complete, brought as its punishment the loss of the Waterval convoy—a loss that, in its consequences, was more far-reaching than many other losses that have been given greater prominence.

The actual relief of Kimberley and the whole narrative of the cavalry advance are admirably told. In the opinion of Sir Frederick Maurice, French's gallop for the Nek above Klip Drift "was the most brilliant stroke of the whole war." But there is little that is new or particularly illuminating in this portion of the narrative until we arrive at the battle of Paardeberg. This action is admirably handled. It is possibly one of the most difficult for the historian to approach, and its perusal will be found to be full of deep instruction to senior general, and junior lieutenant alike. There is no frank criticism, but reading between the lines one is able to see clearly into the mind of the historian. It is evident that in his opinion Lord Roberts was guilty of an

indiscretion when he wrote from Jacobsdal the letter which placed the chief command of the forces concentrating around Cronje's laager in the hands of Lord Kitchener. In the following single sentence is found the cause of the first day's ill success at Paardeberg:—

Lord Kitchener, upon whom the responsibility for next day's operations now devolved, bivouacked on the night of the 17th with the mounted infantry, two miles south of Paardeberg Drift. Owing to the dispersion of the troops, it had not been possible for him to make precise arrangements with Kelly-Kenny and Colville about the mode in which executive orders were to be issued, and beyond one officer of the Adjutant-General's department he had only his personal staff of Aides-de-camp with him. Thus, though in the divisions the commanders possessed the necessary staff for working their own commands, the officer in charge of the whole force was unsupplied with the machinery necessary for the organisation and direction of combined movements.

Although there is nothing tangible in the faint odour of this criticism, yet the same suggestion of burning runs systematically through those portions of the narrative incident upon the fall of Bloemfontein. On page 132, when dealing with the unfortunate assault which lost us Colonel Hannay and an entire battalion of mounted infantry, the historian quotes the order which Kitchener himself issued. It runs as follows:—

The time has now come for a final effort. All troops have been warned that the laager must be rushed at all costs. Try and carry Stephenson's brigade on with you. But if they cannot go the mounted infantry should do it. Gallop up if necessary and fire into their laager.

His comment is as follows:—

These instructions must have represented what was passing through Lord Kitchener's mind, not any orders actually issued. Kelly-Kenny knew nothing of his brigades (the 13th and 18th) having been so warned. No directions to aid the assault had been given to the 18th brigade. Of Colville's division, the only available men, three companies of the Cornwall Light Infantry, had not even begun to cross the river at Paardeberg Drift. Hannay, who received Lord Kitchener's message at about 3 p.m., read it as a direct personal order to charge immediately with such men as he could collect. He thought that his instructions were so urgent that time would not permit of his making any arrangements for joint action with Stephenson, who was two miles away from him on the opposite side of the river. He regarded his mission as a forlorn hope, and determined to carry it out in that spirit.

It is not, however, until the historian is discussing Poplar Grove that we discover that the rafters are really on fire. Here he drives the sting of his criticism in with undisguised intent:

It was inevitable, therefore, that the actual experiences of the war itself should produce great effect on the thoughts with which, after the capture of Paardeberg, all ranks from the Commander-in-Chief downwards, started on a new movement. Not to refer to the incidents in Natal which, known only by report, practically exercised less influence than those in the western theatre itself, Modder River, Magersfontein, Paardeberg, could not be forgotten. At Paardeberg more especially a General decked with fresh laurels from a contest in which he had used the new implements of war to shatter barbarian hosts in the open field had not realised the resisting power which such weapons might confer on trained sharpshooters of the veld holding a strong position even against a well-disciplined and properly-equipped army.

It is not the province of the present writer to quarrel with this finding, but he would emphasise the fact that the error of judgment was not due to any want of military conception on the part of Lord Kitchener. The fault lay with the chief who deliberately made a subordinate, unequipped with staff machinery, responsible for the conduct of a serious pressing operation over the heads of his seniors who possessed all the means to make the operation a success. We feel that this was in the historian's mind when he was careful to give as an appendix the manly letter in which General Sir T. Kelly-Kenny accepted the slur which was placed upon him with such unfortunate results. Writing to Lord Roberts from Bothaville Drift, on February 17th, General Kelly-Kenny said:

With regard to my position and Lord Kitchener's your description of it I perfectly understand. This is not a time to enter into personal matters. Until this phase of the operation is completed I will submit to even humiliation rather than raise any question connected with my command.

It would be unfair to leave any mention of this volume without reference to the splendid cartography with which the History is equipped. The maps, which are so numerous and so clear that a child could follow them, are detached and given in a shell, made up in similar form to the volume. It is a most convenient method of equipping a really valuable work.

## NEGATIVE AND POSITIVE

*Pioneers of Evolution.* By EDWARD CLODD. (Revised Edition.) (Cassell, 5s. net.)

*Essays and Addresses.* By J. H. BRIDGES, M.B. (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d. net.)

THE ten years that have elapsed since the first appearance of Clodd's "Pioneers of Evolution" would seem, according to the preface to the new edition, to have been rather sterile years from the point of view of the evolutionist. To quote the author, "the revision to which this book has been subjected has been confined mainly to correction of textual errors, and to additions required by events, as, for example, the death of Herbert Spencer, which has occurred since the first edition was published." From this we can only conclude that the decade has been unfruitful of new discovery. Nevertheless, although the work is, as we have pointed out, in no sense a new one, it may be worth while to examine afresh from a detached standpoint the position taken up ten years ago, the position still maintained by the author—the position that we define as negative. If we are to criticise fairly an argument that takes science as a basis, and that reasons logically from that basis, we can only meet it on common ground by a mental withdrawal from a debatable attitude, an attitude of affirmation, and by facing our opponent in the open field. It has thus become our object, in opposing two weapons of offence wielded by our adversary, to discard the defensive and strategic position wherein we might have become entrenched and to attack him with his own arms.

We will take a typical passage from Part II., entitled "The Arrest of Enquiry," and attempt to combat its dogmatism in an impartial and detached spirit. The passage in question runs as follows:—

Enough has been said on a topic to which prominence has been given, because it brings into fuller relief the fact that in a religion for which its apologists claim Divine origin and guidance "to the end of the world" we have the same intrusion of the rites and customs of lower cults which marks other advanced faiths. Hence, science and superstition being deadly foes, the explanation of that hostile attitude towards enquiry, and that dread of its results, which marked Christianity down to modern times.

Let us take the first point, the origin of certain forms of ritual, traced by the author in the preceding pages to "the rites and customs of lower cults," and let us assume that his case is proved so far as an examination of the facts shows any similarity between the religious observances of man before—even into savage antiquity—and after the Divine revelation. The facts, then, are massed into an indictment of the fundamental principle upon which Christianity rests, and if one Church more than another is attacked, we may regard this merely as a tribute to its greater vitality and essential importance. But, viewed deliberately and without any bias whatsoever, do not these facts tend to prove that man from earliest recorded time has been imbued with a sense of spiritual inhibition, an innate knowledge—at first feebly realised and expressed—of Divine governance? It is no part of the bestial instinct that seeks expansion; fear does not account for adoration, nor self-preservation for ceremonial observance, however crude in its earlier stages. If man has exhibited through long ages an inspired tendency to worship, and to express that tendency in certain non-



natural ceremonies, some explanation of the tendency must be found; and to us it seems that it must be sought for outside the sphere of scientific investigation, of observations that attempt to deal with metaphysical phenomena from physical data. We are aware that, in using such terms as "inspired" and "metaphysical," we lay ourselves open to the charge of "begging the question," but the unproved premises implied in the words are not an essential part of the argument. The real indictment follows in the assumption that, because a religion "claims Divine origin and guidance" and yet approximates in some of its ritual to the observances of lower cults, it is therefore not inspired. This is to say that revelation *must* obliterate all former beliefs and supersede them by original and hitherto unknown conceptions—a claim that is not made by Christianity. For we do not deny the religious instinct in man prior to the New Dispensation, and claim only that our knowledge supersedes all former conceptions only in so far as it infinitely transcends them; in other words, that man formerly worshipped blindly, and now with a full knowledge.

This brings us to the second point contained in the passage quoted, and summed up by the "Hence the explanation of that hostile attitude towards enquiry which marked Christianity down to modern times." It is an old charge this, the charge necessarily levelled against faith by the agnostic; but is our author on his part exempt from a similar attack? Is his own outlook so wide? Is he, himself, so willing to hear both sides of every question? Or do we find him entrenching himself behind an earthwork of preconceived opinion in his attitude towards spiritualism? Let us see if we can convict him in his expression of opinion with regard to the investigations of Alfred Russell Wallace and Sir Oliver Lodge. In one place he says:—

In considering, if it be deemed worth while, the evidence of genuineness of the occurrences, we are thrown not on the honesty but on the competency of the witnesses. The most eminent among these show themselves persons of undisciplined emotions. Concerning the competence of Mr. Wallace himself to weigh, unbiased, the evidence which comes before him, it suffices to cite the case of Eusapia Paladino, a Neapolitan medium.

It is only necessary, mark you, to upset the evidence of so distinguished an observer as Wallace to cite a single case! Again:

Had a man of lesser renown and mental calibre than Mr. Wallace thrown the weight of his testimony into the scales in favour of spiritualism there would have been neither necessity nor excuse for this digression.

We can only read in such passages as these a preconceived hostility to the subject, induced, doubtless, by the fact that its phenomena are not ascribable to physical causes. Flagrant cases of deception are instanced, but we get no hint of any scientific or prolonged investigation of a subject that has occupied and is occupying the attention of physicists and scholars. We hold no brief for spiritualism; we merely quote it to show that a scientist may fall into the same frame of mind with regard to it, that, when dealing with another body, he condemns in no measured terms, and stigmatises as "dreading results." Mr. Clodd admits that "man's senses have been his arch-deceivers throughout human history," but he wishes to differentiate very clearly between the phenomena he can himself observe and credit and the phenomena that to him appears inexplicable, save as an effect "of a morbid condition of that intricate, delicately-poised structure, the nervous system, under which objects are seen and sensations felt when no corresponding impression . . ." (by which is intended none that the author can take cognisance of) "has been made through the medium of the senses." It makes one feel, at the last, how flimsy and unreal are even the facts of science, upon what an insecure basis the most careful physical investigations rest.

We have little space to deal with our second volume, the Exposition of the Positivist Creed, but it is possible to sum it up very briefly in the author's own words, and in quoting him we feel that, though we may disagree with his conclusions, we have a very sincere admiration for his methods. He says:

The beauty of life, the calm and trustful temper, the pious hopes, the self-denying zeal that cluster round Christian churches of every kind are facts which everyone must see who does not blind his own eyes, facts which I hope everyone would willingly recognise. . . . Now to the large mass of conscientious men and women who do their duty in this simple, plain, straightforward way we have nothing to offer but our profound respect for their convictions, our sincere desire not to disturb them. . . .

But what has Positivism to offer those "who have passed or are passing into that stage of negation of all supernatural belief which has become so prevalent." Nothing but a faint hope, it seems to us, a desire to benefit humanity, the ambition of working here for a possible enlightenment of generations still to come. A dreary creed, that brings little satisfaction, save a doubtful knowledge that "we are one with that Future, as we are one with the Glorious Past." We are glad to be numbered with those whom our author desires to leave undisturbed.

## WANTED—A MILLIONAIRE

*Scheme and Estimates for a National Theatre.* By WILLIAM ARCHER and H. GRANVILLE BARKER. (Duckworth, 5s.)

AFTER going through the array of figures got together by Mr. William Archer and Mr. Barker on the subject of a national theatre one cannot withhold from the authors the admiration which is due to a lively faith. For, surely, never was a more forlorn enterprise embarked upon than this, of inciting some wealthy Englishman or group of Englishmen to endow a theatre in this country. To us, we confess, there seems about as much chance of inducing any of our rich men to put down any substantial sum of money in the cause of dramatic art as there is of inducing them to sell all that they have and give to the poor. Millionaires in this country will give money to hospitals (with an eye to a baronetcy) or to the funds of a political party (with an eye to a peerage), but for the theatre they care nothing and will do nothing. Indeed, Mr. Barker himself, if report speaks true, is becoming conscious of this dismal truth, and is contemplating the transference of his energies to the United States, where rich men bring rather more imagination to bear upon the problem of dissipating their wealth. In America great riches are perhaps more easily come by. But if they are not always obtained by the most creditable means they are occasionally expended on worthy objects, and with a profusion that is not without its impressiveness. In England our rich men no longer understand giving on the grand scale. The day of great benefactions, either to the Universities in aid of learning or to any national institution in the cause of art seems to be over. In the face of this deplorable niggardliness the £380,000 which is the modest endowment our authors ask for their theatre, seems likely to remain in its owners' pockets for an indefinite period.

But though we do not look for any practical result from the careful calculations of Mr. Archer and Mr. Barker as to ways and means we have found those calculations by no means devoid of interest. In the first place, we are interested in the system on which the repertory of their projected theatre is to be handled. We note that this differs materially from the system which was initiated at the Court Theatre under the Vedrenne-Barker management and is still in vogue at the Savoy. The putting up of a play for a consecutive run of a month or six weeks is abandoned in favour of

a constant change of bill. "What author," we read, "would consent to have his play acted for (say) a fortnight, then taken off while two other pieces were acted for a week apiece, then resumed for a week, then dropped for a week, and so on? It is clearly preferable, both from the artistic and the business point of view, that it should be played four or five times a week (as often, in fact, as the regulation of the theatre permits) for an indefinite series of weeks, during which its name and its success are constantly before the public eye." In other words, the system of the Antoine Theatre in Paris rather than that of the Court is held up as the ideal, and we are convinced that this view is a sound one. The fact is, the system of limited runs and brief revivals introduced at the Court Theatre has not answered the expectations of its inventors. It has not been satisfactory to the managers or profitable to the authors. Under it a play has been withdrawn just as its merits were beginning to become known, only to be revived after it has lost the advantage of its temporary popularity. In each case this has meant sparse houses during the earlier days or even weeks of the run, while the fuller houses that followed often came too late to make the production financially profitable. It is an open secret that this was the fate of more than one of even the most popular plays of the Court repertory, and it is satisfactory that, in drawing up the scheme for a national theatre our authors should have had the courage to face the fact and allow for it.

Into the details of the estimates for the various branches of the theatre collected here we need not enter. They are the work of experts, and we may assume them to be, on the whole, calculated with as much accuracy as the nature of the case admits. It will be time to examine these with more minute attention when someone shows even the smallest tendency to come forward with the money. Certainly the time is ripe, now if ever, for the building of a theatre in London in which Art, and not money, shall be the guiding spirit. Above all, when the absurd interference of the Censor with contemporary drama is exciting very real indignation among men of letters, the need for a theatre that shall be outside the control of that functionary becomes patent. The Stage Society, we see, proposes to nominate a small committee for the purpose of considering the question of the erection of such a theatre—though it would necessarily be on less grandiose lines than the one of which Mr. Archer and Mr. Barker dream. The need for the theatre, in fact, is obvious enough. But where is the capitalist who will provide it? So far, it must be confessed, we look for him in vain.

## THE LIBRARY TABLE

*The Lover of Queen Elizabeth.* By MRS. AUBREY RICHARDSON. (T. Werner-Laurie, 12s. 6d. net.)

FEW subjects could be suggested so profitable for the exercise of some learned but brisk pen in a future century as a series of imaginary conversations, in the Shades, between our two greatest Queens—Elizabeth and Victoria. In the present state of learning—in particular that branch of it which goes by the somewhat vague name of criticism—it would, perhaps, be difficult to pitch them quite in the right key; not only on account of historical perspective, but because the relative values of documentary and oral evidence, of fact and tradition, are not as yet sufficiently determined for sentiment to act upon the mixture as it should for the achievement of an historical masterpiece of this sort.

It is a common enough saying nowadays, among all

classes, that you can't get over facts; but it originated no doubt with historians, who first fixed the dates of all the battles and of the births of kings for us with such admirable precision that we need never trouble any more about them. With personal histories and studies of character it is somewhat different, the chief business with facts being to explain them away; while tradition, though rudely to be swept aside when it approaches the course of events, is nevertheless the natural garb of anything personal, man or woman, whose life and character are worth the fatigue of recalling. What would be left of Alfred without the cakes? Or of Canute without his chair? To what a paltry figure, indeed, would Columbus sink if stripped of his egg—easily as we could spare the American colonies.

With Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, tradition has been neither too kind nor too lavish; the general impression that has always prevailed about him is that he was distinctly a bad lot; and it seems to have been taken for granted that he was accessory to the death of Amy Robsart, that he beguiled Lady Sheffield, that he poisoned the Earl of Essex in order to marry his widow, the fascinating Lettice, and that, finally, he was himself poisoned by a dose he had intended for her. It is all rather like "Hamlet." But Leicester, like the Prince of Denmark himself, has always been a popular favourite, and no amount of scowling will ever jostle her "Sweet Robin" from his traditional conjunction with the great Elizabeth.

That Leicester was, in any sense of the word, the lover, or even a lover, of Elizabeth, is open to doubt; but that he was her reigning favourite for thirty years (nearly three-quarters of her reign), from the day she ascended the throne to the day when he died, is a fact that tradition has rather overlaid; and the part he played—or, rather, that Elizabeth made him play—in the endless policy of her marriage and succession, is well worth being seriously treated, as Mrs. Richardson has done it, as the subject of a readable book. But it is to be feared that the casual reader will find Sweet Robin a rather tedious lover in the midst of all the politics that entangle him; or, at all events, will wish that there were less politics and more Robin. Mrs. Thompson, in her biography of Charles the First's Duke of Buckingham, and Lady Burghclere in that of his graceless son, have set so high a standard for writers of the lives of favourites that it is no disparagement to Mrs. Richardson's work to say that it falls short of either, both in literary interest and in historical value. But it is a sound, good book, and more conscientious than its romantic title would lead one to suppose. If it were otherwise, it would hardly be worth pointing to one defect, for which the publisher is probably more to blame than the authoress—namely, the absence of all citation of the authorities quoted, and even of a preface indicating the sources consulted. Nor is the index at all adequate for a volume of 390 pages so fully packed with incident.

*Leading American Soldiers.* By R. M. JOHNSTON. (Constable, 7s. 6d. net.)

"THERE will always be heroes in the world; and a certain worship of them"—real heroes, marching steadily forward and achieving, often unconsciously, the deeds which make for a nation's greatness, seeking neither praise nor blame, and gaining only that nation's censure or forgetfulness and an occasional meed of praise; and sham heroes, the paste diamonds before which the nation and the Press bow down. Mr. Johnston's book—written in hero-worship—treats of men who belong in both classes. Neither his sanity nor his splendid lack of bias enables him to weed out the sheep and the goats; he makes no allowance for contemporary—and therefore untrustworthy—records; and he commits the



mistake of judging and labelling a man on certain isolated achievements, never attempting to weigh carefully his characteristics and his temperament, and disregarding the main features of his life. This last defect was, no doubt, to some extent inevitable in a book which deals mainly with tactics and strategy on the field of battle; but it is, nevertheless, a defect which is not excused by the title-page. It is too often forgotten that a soldier who fails all along the line—who may be recalled and perhaps cashiered—may be a greater hero than the man who leads his army from victory to victory. A slight miscarriage of plans, an unforeseen and unforeseeable thunderstorm, have wrecked the career of many a supremely able general; a vacillating opponent and a slight miscarriage of that opponent's plans have given many an incapable honour and lasting glory. It is astonishing how magnificent a weak and foolish piece of strategy sometimes appears when the gods have smiled on it, and how easily a mad blow in the dark may save a nation or end in a court-martial!

And it is a profoundly untrue saying that no man is a hero to his valet. We are inclined to think that the importance of the opinion of the valet has been very much under-estimated by historians the world over: that it is, after all, perhaps the supreme test of a man. For the valet sees far more of the inner life of the world's heroes than does the world itself. His opinion on strategy may be worth very little, but nine times out of ten he is an acute student of life with an extensive field in which to pursue his studies. The almost deafening acclamations which burst from Burnside's Federal army on the further bank of the Rappahannock when Stonewall Jackson came out to survey his pickets formed the best indictment of their leader and the finest tribute to the greatness of the leader of their enemies that the world has ever known. No enemy ever acclaimed a man of straw, and no servant ever revered a pasteboard hero. Robert Edward Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Winfield Scott, and Joseph Eggleston Johnston were men who would always have been heroes to their valets; and it is our opinion that Lee, Jackson, Scott and Johnston were the greatest heroes America ever produced. But Mr. Johnston is too much engrossed in his soldiers to remember the man beneath the uniform. That he should devote a disproportionate amount of space to Washington shows a deference to American opinion which scarcely redounds to his credit as a historian, however much it may as a diplomatist. But for this, one might have forgotten that he has gone from Cambridge to Harvard as professor of history. His biography of Winfield Scott, on the other hand, short though it is, is an admirable piece of work, and should help to preserve Scott's memory, over which the iniquity of oblivion has blindly scattered her poppy. It would be difficult to over-estimate America's debt to this general; how much greater it might have been had she accepted his advice in the closing years of his life instead of that of callow youths and incapable figureheads we can only conjecture. Mr. Johnston's rehabilitation is very welcome. For the rest, his book, though it offers little that is original either in comment or in matter, is obviously the fruit of much careful study, and is eminently readable—well written, well printed, though abominably heavy in the hand, and containing much information in a small compass. One combination of words to which Mr. Johnston is much addicted—"alien to"—is ridiculous and unintelligible.

*The Life of Tom Morris.* By the REV. D. D. TULLOCH, D.D. (Werner Laurie, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE REV. D. D. TULLOCH, D.D., who before this has given us "The Story of the Life of Queen Victoria," and the "Story of the Life of the Prince Consort,"

has now written the biography of one who has been described as being "born in the purple of equable temper and courtesy," "Old Tom" Morris, four years open champion of golf, and for very many years custodian of the St. Andrews green for the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, and of peace and goodwill between members of this club and of the various town clubs. Their mutual interests often jarred. "Old Tom" was, and is, very much more than a great golfer. We may speak of him in the present tense, for he still lives, though he no longer golfs, and may enjoy the rather unusual distinction of perusing and criticising his own biography. The result of Dr. Tulloch's labours is eminently gratifying. His previous record is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the literary work, and this book may be regarded as a shrewd test of a certain literary capacity, because in writing the life of a man whose profession is golf, it is inevitable that the story of many matches should be told, and to do this without vain and tiresome repetition requires no small skill in word shifting. That Dr. Tulloch has accomplished this so well is greatly to his credit, but at the same time it is to be said that his own account of matches are hardly equal in racy quality to some older accounts which he quotes verbatim. Have we lost that art? It almost seems so. "Old Tom" Morris, besides being so fine a golfer, had pre-eminently the virtues of a good man and a good citizen at a date when these orderly qualities were so rare in the golfing profession as to be conspicuous. All this side of his character is sufficiently brought out by Dr. Tulloch. That, however, for which most who read the book will thank the writer is the light it throws on golfing history, not a new light, but a light focussed on the central incidents which are here collected handily, so that a man who has read this book has really made himself familiar with all the chapter headings. This does not mean that Dr. Tulloch takes us back "to the siege of Troy," or the legendary Dutch origins of the game, but only that he tells us all which is important of what is known since golf began to move—that is to say, since a date previous to the institution of the Open Championship in 1860. The book is illustrated with many reproductions from old golfing pictures and other sources. Dr. Tulloch is himself a golfer, a member of the Royal and Ancient Club, and all his boyhood and early manhood were spent at St. Andrews, so he is at all points well equipped for this, evidently a labour of love, which he has well done.

*Middlesex.* Painted by JOHN FULLEYLOVE, R.I., and described by A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF. (London: A. and C. Black, 20s.)

THIS is one of that series of place books, illustrated in colour, which Messrs. Black have been issuing with so much success, and is by no means the least agreeable of them. The only criticism we have to make is that the colours seem rather too bright for the English atmosphere, though not so much so as in the case of Oxford. Mr. Fulleylove is as successful as before, and is happier than he has always been in his collaborator, for Mr. Moncrieff, of course, is an accomplished writer, and knows his subject thoroughly. The country so near to London—or too often, alas, that which was country and is now town—is, of course, full of memories, literary and other. As Mr. Moncrieff says, "Such names as Maiden Lane, Islington Green, Highbury Barn, and Willow Walk are like the tombstones of beauty," and, happily, Mr. Fulleylove reminds us that much beauty is left. It is a charming book and should be noted for a "gift book."

## A LITERARY HISTORY OF FRANCE

"FOR one thing that she did, They would not take her life." These lines from "The Tempest," which puzzled Charles Lamb, until he came across a history of Algiers by Charles II.'s Irish Master of the Revels, leap to the mind in connection with M. Emile Faguet's "A Literary History of France." (Fisher Unwin, London.)

For one thing that M. Faguet has done we will not take his life. We will extend to him the same merciful treatment as was meted out to Sycorax, the witch of Argier, perhaps with less reason, but for this reason, that poor as his book is on the whole, and even mischievous in parts, it yet has a redeeming feature in the liberal tribute which the author pays to the greatness of England's greatest novelist, Samuel Richardson, and to the vast influence which the author of "Clarissa" exercised over French literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

A fact to be carefully noted (says M. Faguet), and that in any case a Frenchman cannot fail to remark, or assume (the English is the translator's), is that while Smollett, and probably Fielding, imitated Le Sage, Diderot and Rousseau eagerly imitated Richardson. It is impossible to exaggerate the popularity of Richardson in France. It has been enormous. A dozen French authors have been infatuated with him from the middle of the eighteenth century down to the middle of the nineteenth. He has been the privileged sovereign novelist in the eyes of the French. Diderot could not speak of Richardson in ordinary tones; he became lyrical and emotional directly he began to speak of him. He imitated him in his plays and novels (and also Sterne), in his correspondence and conversation. He would have liked even to copy Richardson's mode of life. The same may be said of Rousseau. "La Nouvelle Héloïse" is a prolonged echo of "Clarissa Harlowe." Richardson was translated by the Abbé Prévost, by Letourneur, Monod, Barré and by Jules Janin. He was dramatised by Nepomucène Lemercier, and imitated more or less exactly by a crowd of French writers. Richardson marks an epoch in the history of English literature; and he marks one that is even more important in French literature. No other English writer, down to Byron and Walter Scott, has had the same claim upon our attention, both from the point of view of intellect and ethics.

This is from the preface to the English edition of M. Faguet's book. He makes the same statement in the chapter of his History, "The Literary Movement to the Time of Rousseau," and one is reminded of Balzac's remark in "Un Grand Homme de Province à Paris" on the subject of Sir Walter Scott's heroines: "A de rares exceptions près, ses héroïnes sont absolument les mêmes, il n'a pour elles qu'un seul ponsif, selon l'expression des peintres. Elles procèdent toutes de Clarisse Harlowe." It is to be noted that when a critic writes "Clarissa Harlowe" instead of "Clarissa," which is the name of the book (and this is what the late Professor Henry Morley constantly did), it is a sure sign that he does not belong to that happy band of brothers who have read "Clarissa"; he is not a pilgrim from the Mecca of the English novel—a Hadji. It is true that none of the original French translations of that immortal story, of which Balzac is reported to have said that it would survive with the *Æneid* and the Bible when all other literature has been swept out of sight, was published under the title of "Clarisse Harlowe," and this may in some measure be M. Emile Faguet's excuse. He cannot, of course, have read all the books of which he discourses so lightly, and so seldom with penetrative appreciation in his "Literary History of France." But will his English readers fully grasp the portentous meaning of what he tells them about their great novelist Samuel Richardson? Will they understand that if Richardson was, as undoubtedly he was, the inspirer of Diderot and Rousseau, and, through Rousseau, of Goethe, his is one of the most remarkable figures not only in the literary history of England and of Europe, but in the intellectual history of the whole modern world. What gigantic political and

moral upheavals must therefore be, in some measure, traceable to the initial influence of Samuel Richardson! One may with justice ask where in England is Richardson's monument? Where is his statue? We hear of mediocre actors being buried in Westminster Abbey, and of third-rate novelists being immortalised in bronze in the Scottish towns which gave them birth, how comes it that so little honour has been done to the name and fame of Richardson? Had he been a Frenchman, his bones long ere this would have been laid reverently in the Pantheon. There would have been an Avenue Richardson in Paris, and a Place Richardson in every provincial town. The sad truth is that the French, in contra-distinction with the English, are (save M. Faguet) a nation of critics, and they know how to cherish the memory of their national heroes, of their *maréchaux de lettres*. The Englishman is too busy with his detective stories to care to remember, or even to commemorate, the fact that the most perfect of all novels was the work of an Englishman.

But though M. Faguet cannot in any reasonable sense of the word, be called a critic, he tells the story of French literature precisely and pleasantly so far at any rate as the chief historical facts are concerned. He is at his best in dealing with the earlier periods of French literature. Of Villon, Gringoire, Alain Chartier, Ronsard and Rabelais he writes with a knowledge, evidently inspired, and a comprehension controlled by the works of more intelligent labourers in the same field. One is a little astonished, however, to find him saying:

A Chaucer who translated our "Roman de Rose," and with a highly original talent drew as freely from our *Trouvères* as from Petrarch; a Gower who, not satisfied with a single tongue, wrote his *Speculum Meditantis* in French, his *Vox clamantis* in Latin, and his *Confessio amantis* in English, a philological trinity that one would scarcely wish to see imitated, but that is not the less full of significance; a Fortescue who does not spare our faults, but who knows us thoroughly, and who has drawn of us a portrait, which, it cannot be denied, we may still study with profit; a Skelton, a great savant with much coarse humour, who for his own convenience, rather than of his reader, intermingled English, Latin and French in his bold satires. When we come to Shakespeare we find ourselves in the presence of a man who owes nothing to the French, whilst on the other hand he is the first French writer from whom the French were to derive much, and to whom they were to owe much at a later period.

(Again it must be pointed out that this is the English of the translator.) M. Faguet has apparently forgotten George Gascoigne, whose "Les Fable d'Hemètes l'Hermit," prononcée devant sa Maïesté à Woodstock, 1575, was a notable bit of French by an English author, contemporary with Shakespeare, though the author says humourously of it in his dedication to Queen Elizabeth: "But yet suche Itallyan as I have learned in London, and such Lattyn as I forgatt att Cantabridge; suche Frenche as I borrowed in holland, and such Englishe as I stale in Westmerland; even such and no better (my worthy sovereigne) have I here poured forth before you." Shakespeare, however, stood at the parting of the ways. Less French than "our Master and Father Chaucer," as Gascoigne calls him, he combined more fully and perfectly than any writer before or since the French and the Anglo-Saxon intellectual temperaments. Up to Shakespeare's time the balance had leaned towards the French element. The Euphuists were French in spirit. The Latinism of Ben Jonson was derivable from literary traditions inspired by a superior French civilisation. Shakespeare represents the apogee of that parallel French and Teutonic development of the national tongue and of the national character, the first literary articulation of which is Chaucer. Onwards from Shakespeare the Teutonic element tends to prevail so far, at least, as the essence of language and the basis of character are at issue. The French influences at the



latter end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century were of no account; they were purely superficial, and artificial importations. The thoroughbred English type is not purely Anglo-Saxon. It must carry a certain French strain, just as in the thoroughbred greyhound there is an ancestral strain of bulldog. It is this that made Shakespeare so incommensurably great, without rival or successor. In him was accomplished and personified the perfect English type, so far as mastership of the English language is concerned, together with many other things, and from that type there have been nothing but gradual derogations, small or great, until the Germanic influences of the present day have mainly triumphed. That is why Shakespeare's tongue died with him. But Shakespeare, and all Elizabethan England, so far from owing, as M. Faguet says, nothing to the French, owed a good half of what they were, and all they were possessed of, to their French *ascendancy*.

When M. Faguet comes nearer to our own age he is far less satisfactory than when chatting of Clement Marot, and Waller, Regnier, and "the majestic" Denham. He tells us that Voltaire brought over with him from England a love of Shakespeare, which is certainly not true, and though he thus misleads us on the subject of Shakespeare's most contemptuous and quite uncomprehending critic, he fails to indicate to the reader the gigantic place which Voltaire really fills in the history of modern literature. On that subject the student cannot do better than read the brilliant pages which Buckle devoted to Voltaire in the second volume of his "History of Civilisation in England" (chapter VI.). There he will find the *pièce de résistance* to which M. Faguet only supplies the radishes and sardines.

It is in dealing with modern literature, however, that the leather and prunella of M. Faguet's history show themselves in their seamiest and most threadbare aspects. To say that "Ernest Renan was the greatest genius who had arisen in France since Chateaubriand, and perhaps since Jean Jacques Rousseau," is "une façon de parler pour ne rien dire." That use of the word "perhaps" stigmatises a particular kind of inanity on the part of its user, which always has a tendency to make one laugh and is very common on this side of the Channel. "Professor Edward Dowden, who is perhaps the greatest living English critic," was a phrase which recently appeared in a London contemporary. It is difficult to say why this should tickle one so much, but it does. Renan's place in literary history it not as yet very clearly defined, the chief reason being that, when the masque of irony which he was so fond of wearing has been lifted, he is found to be entirely in disagreement with his most enthusiastic disciples. Renan was Chateaubriand over again, with a plebeian origin which saved him from snobbishness, and a conscience which not even the Jews could buy, though they tried to. Quite as great an artist, he does not count much higher as a savant.

But where one is inclined to withdraw from M. Faguet the benefit of the extenuating circumstances which he seemed at first to have merited, is in respect of his criticism of Maupassant—"He had no system, no critical faculty, and hardly any ideas." And then he tells us that, by merely converting himself into a photographic apparatus, Maupassant was able to convey to us "an understanding of life." The force of folly can no further go.

ROWLAND STRONG.

## SAINT ISIDORE OF SEVILLE

If it should be enquired who is to be considered as the father of the science of etymology, we may fairly concede that title to the celebrated Saint Isidore, Bishop of

Seville, who wrote in the beginning of the seventh century. He earned his title to our consideration by his rather voluminous work entitled "Etymologiarum Libri Viginti, or Twenty Books of Etymologies." It is a most laborious and comprehensive encyclopædia of the Latin names of objects of every kind, arranged in books and chapters according to the subjects with which they are connected. Book XII., for example, is concerned with beasts, birds, and fishes; the fourth chapter is about snakes, the fifth about worms, and the sixth and seventh about fishes and birds respectively. In a very large number of instances the etymology of the Latin name is given, and if all these had been correct, the work would certainly have been invaluable. As it is, however, its value is, unfortunately, of a very doubtful character.

It is clear that Isidore had a fair knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, and when he derives a borrowed Latin word from one of these sources, he is not unfrequently correct. The chief drawback is that, in such a case, he very seldom tells us anything that is not perfectly well known from other unimpeachable authorities. When, for example, he tells us that the pheasant (*phasianus*) takes its name from "Phasis, an island of Greece," we are glad of his opinion, excepting that it would have been better to regard Phasis as being a river in Colchis. But he does not profess to tell us anything new, as he quotes a couplet from Martial (Book XIII., epig. 72) to the same effect.

But it is to be feared that Isidore's influence was, on the whole, decidedly harmful. He could hardly have invented the numerous ridiculous "etymologies" with which his work abounds; but he laboriously collected them, and gave them currency; and he is certainly largely responsible for the idea which is still revered by the ignorant—viz., that the right method of arriving at truth in this matter is to guess; and whilst you are about it, it is best to guess daringly, because the way to be believed is to put down all opposition by the boldest possible bluff. It then follows that the unfortunate doubter can be withered by mere tyranny; he must not expect evidence, because that would be to doubt the word of a gentleman. It is no exaggeration to say that this attitude largely characterised many writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and is not unknown even now. But modern science demands that the student should clamour vigorously for evidence, and should expect that all apparently violent changes in the forms of words should be shown to be in strict accordance with known phonetic laws.

It will not be uninteresting to learn some of the etymologies which Isidore either originated or preserved, as many of them were firmly believed in and circulated in the Middle Ages. He is responsible, for example, for the etymology of *lepus*, a hare, which I quoted in my article on "Medieval Etymology"—viz., that it is derived *a levitate pedis*, from its lightness of foot. The puerility of this attempt is indeed astonishing, for it would surely occur to anyone who tried to receive this seriously that the genitive case would then be *lepedis* or *lepidis*, which is not the case. And the cutting down of *levitas* to *le-* is surely remarkable for its arbitrariness.

Let us gather some more specimens of the like kind, on which it is surely needless to comment. They mostly require some specious explanation, and your true example of such perverted ingenuity is often known by the occurrence of "as if"—*quasi*—or "because"—*quia*.

The pear (*pirus*) is derived from the Greek *pyr*, fire, because it is of the shape of the flame of a candle, rounded below and pointed at the top. The nut (*nux*) is from *nocere*, to harm, because its shade, or else the droppings from its leaves, injures the neighbouring trees. Naturalists should prize such important observations. The cedar is from the Greek

*kedros*, quasi *kaiomenes druos hygron*, "the moisture of a burning oak," because the leaves resemble those of an oak. The abbreviation from eight syllables to two shows a commendable desire for brevity, and the "reason" is sufficiently obscure. The juniper (*juniperus*) is likewise derived from the Greek *pyr*, fire, either because (like the pear) it is flame-shaped, or for a singular property which it possesses—viz., that if you cover up burning brands of it with ashes, the fire will be still unquenched at a year's end. This only accounts for the latter part—*perus*—the *iuni* does not matter. The oak (*quercus*) derives its name from *querere*, to seek, because people used to resort to it in order to hear the oracles which the gods proclaimed from it. The ash (*fraxinus*) is so called because it grows in rough places where *fragra*—i.e., strawberries—abound. The lime-tree (*tilia*) is so called because, on account of its lightness, it is well adapted for making weapons (*tela*). Curiously enough, this statement is true for Anglo-Saxon, if we turn the reason upside down. The English called a shield a *lind*, because it was made from the tree which was once called *lind*, and in modern English has been absurdly turned into *lime*.

To leave the trees, let us turn to quadrupeds. The kind of horse called *caballus* is so called a *cavo pede*, from the hollowness of his foot. We are not told what was the case with other horses; neither does *cavus* take us any further than the syllable *ca-*, or perhaps *cab-*. The horse (*equus*) was so called because, when two of them are yoked side by side in a chariot they then pull equally. To drive them tandem was, apparently, a later custom. But what was the name of the horse when he pulled alone? The elephant was named from his mountainous bulk, for *lophos* in Greek means "a hill." The bear (*ursus*) should rather have been *orsus*, because the dam licks her whelps into shape with her mouth (*ore suo*). The Latin name of the dog (*canis*) seems to be borrowed from Greek (so we read), yet he was named a *canore latratus*, from the noise of his barking. It is pleasant to read the added remark: "Nothing is more sagacious than dogs; they have more sense than other animals." The fox (*vulpes*) is named "quasi volupes; est enim volubilis pedibus"—he does not run in a straight line, but in tortuous windings; a fraudulent animal and deceitful by his tricks. The account of the cat needs to be pondered over; it introduces us to the name *musio* and to the verb *catere*, to see—both of which, according to Ducange, occur in Papias:

Musio appellatur, quod muribus infestus sit. Hunc vulgus catum a captura vocant. Alii dicunt, quia catat, id est videt. Nam tanto acute cernit, ut fulgore luminis noctis tenebras superet. Unde a Græco venit catus, id est ingeniosus, *apo tou kaiesthai*.

The ant (*formica*) is so named because it carries crumbs about (*fert micas*). Fishes (*pisces*) are named "a pascendo," because they feed. How about quadrupeds and birds? The vulture is so named—"a volatu tardo"—from his slow flight.

It is interesting to find that the juniper legend is quoted by Chaucer in his "Parson's Tale" (De Ira):

Ther is a maner tree, as seith Saint Isidre, that whan men maken fyr of thilke tree, and covere the coles of it with asshen, soothly the fyr of it wol lasten al a yeer or more.

Similar examples can be given by the hundred, or perhaps by the thousand; but the above will suffice to show the kind of nonsense which was well received in the Middle Ages, and which (it is to be feared) inspires, even at the present day, a certain amount of undeserved respect.

But it must not be supposed that nothing can be learnt from Isidore. He sometimes makes remarks upon the popular Latin words of his own time, for which we are naturally grateful. Let him be treated with all respect, whilst at the same time we take the precaution of verifying his remarkable results.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

## HALFPENNY HISTORY

THE history of the world for a halfpenny a day seems a most tempting offer. The announcement lies before us clad in Mephistophelian red, and adorned by the name of a house which appears to have a genius for devising ha'porths. It is not every man who desires to have a history of the world. Even when compressed into forty fortnightly parts at sevenpence each the history of the world is not an engaging task in reading, to say nothing of comprehension. But the consideration that it costs only "a halfpenny a day" is almost irresistible to a large class of people. The fact that the fifth number will be out before they have half read the first may chill their early enthusiasm; but that "halfpenny a day" will carry them through to the end—the end of the purchases, that is; for, of course, the perusal can wait.

The plan of payment is a very simple one, and eminently characteristic of this present age. For a fortnight you put by a halfpenny a day, at the end of which time you will obviously have accumulated sevenpence. Strangely enough that is the exact cost of each of the forty parts which go to make up this latest History of the World, and which are to appear at fortnightly intervals. To a mind not naturally prone to arithmetic it appears that if there were a thousand parts the rate of payment, if the time were correspondingly spun out, would still be a halfpenny a day. Also, it seems fairly clear that by hoarding a halfpenny per diem for a year you could purchase a pair of American boots. It is nothing to the purpose of this argument that the American boots might be of as much use as the latest History of the World. But what does stand out prominently is the tremendous benefit to be derived, commercially, from reducing things to a halfpenny basis. As a commercial subject the History of the World is somewhat depressing. It has a heavy or, say, ponderous sound. It is not suggestive of a pipe, slippers, and a cosy fireside. Such a high and swelling title seems to call for payment in a goodly number of golden sovereigns. Observe, then, the skill employed in allying it to the associations of a halfpenny. One halfpenny a day and your History of the World, previously so awful, becomes a lightsome trifle, snug, smug, and comprehensible as a leading article in the *Daily Mail*.

The ha'pennification of things is a devilish clever idea at any time. The what you might call halfpenny order of intellect used to find sufficient scope in hair-pins, hooks-and-eyes, and such small hardware. But the bringing together of the History of the World and a halfpenny a day was a stroke of genius. There are very few people who would consider a History of the World an acceptable wedding present. Let them but know that they can buy it for a halfpenny a day—"the History of the World—the whole World, my boy, for one halfpenny a day"—and they will buy it in thousands because it is cheap. Without doubt it is a mighty clever idea. There is not much more left for the halfpenny to achieve. Naturally, the world in due time will have its farthing age, then after that its Socialistic age, when everything shall cost nothing, and therefore nothing be worth anything. In that day there will be no collections at the City Temple, nor any prizes for limericks. At present we are just a halfpenny short of that epoch.

But why worry ourselves about the progress of the ages? Let us see what the new History of the World is to give us for our money. The prospectus tells us that there are two classes of historians. One can "tell you all the hard facts about the Battle of Waterloo"; their "province is laborious research and patient in-



vestigation." But this class "can never impart to you as you read the delirium of excitement which must have swept over the stricken field when the Old Guard of Napoleon was sent to its doom against the immovable squares of Wellington." That, by implication, is the province of the other class of historian, they who are writing this new History of the World. Forty is the number of the historians whose names are given as contributors, ranging from Mr. James Bryce, F.R.S., to Mr. Leonard W. King, M.A., all dealers out of delirium at one halfpenny per diem. It is monstrous cheap. One of them has a tremendous task laid upon him. He is to make us "see Leonidas and his eight hundred Spartans defending to their last breath the pass of Thermopylæ against the millions of Xerxes." We have put our first halfpenny away for that part; it will be cheaper than the biograph at the Palace: though the motor-car pictures there are splendid.

But that is not all. The work is to contain articles on the Origin of Life, on which subject the dry-as-dust historian would be utterly out of place. So the imagination of the reader is to "be fired by the masterly essays of such scientists as Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace and Professor E. Ray Lankester." That is to begin at the beginning of the world with a vengeance, and it will be instructive to note whether these and other distinguished writers in the list do succeed in firing the imagination *as per* advertisement. But it really is a subject for wonder whether writers of this stamp like to see their abilities ha'pennified in this manner. The reader for whom they are to cater is described as "the plain man who is interested not in the dry bones of the subject, but in the panorama of history as a whole." Fine words these, but they merely describe the man to whom history is nothing, nor ever will be anything. The word "panorama" may induce this man, the halfpenny person, to purchase the History of the World with a vague idea that it will prove as entertaining as a coloured print. Of course he will be deceived, but he will still continue to be the plain man, the halfpenny man, at once the victim and the arbiter of this most halfpenny age. He is the victim, for out of his multitudinous halfpence he provides magnificent profits for those who have the genius for ha'pennifying, or as it used to be called, popularising everything—science, literature, art and religion. These once high and sacred subjects must now all be made into panoramas for which the charge is one halfpenny per diem, per mensem, or per annum. Classics are cheaper than pills; the plain man for his sixpence has the choice of Shakespeare's works or a cake of fine soap. And he is the arbiter of the age, for nothing that he will not buy is projected, and only what he does buy "succeeds."

Congratulations are due to the forty learned panoramists whose names appear on the prospectus of the new History of the World. Some of them have a hard task before them. It causes a smile to think of Professor Sayce popularising the Babylonians, and making of the Assyrians such a pageant as will please the plain man so that he shall feel his halfpenny a day has been well bestowed. Egypt, too, in the hands of Dr. Flinders Petrie, will make a fine panorama. What Mr. H. G. Wells has had apportioned to him we do not know, but it is sure to be worth a halfpenny. The standard is a high one, for, mind you, for a halfpenny a day you can buy the *Daily Mail* and half a dozen other newspapers of the most panoramic nature. One historical organ costs threepence, but makes up for it by decrying the high price charged for books, and constructing estimates of the cost of production wherein barely a halfpenny a day is left to recompense the author. Magazines of repute once devoted to literature and science and art are dying on every hand, and the bookstalls groan under the weight of pan-

amic things which exist upon advertisements of corsets, fountain-pens and heal-all medicines. A halfpenny a day buys the lot. It is a halfpenny age, and the plain man rules all and pays for all.

ADAM LORIMER.

## FICTION

*The Shuttle.* By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. (Heinemann, 6s.)

IN this book Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has taken the well-worn theme of an Anglo-American marriage—a theme which has been used many times by writers who are more or less artists and who have endeavoured to treat their subject in an artistic manner. The present author has quite frankly adopted the method of the chromo-lithograph, with its violent contrasts and over-coloured brightness. But, in spite of the method used, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has succeeded in at least endowing her work with some semblance to life. Her figures, exaggerated though they be, have vitality and movement, and the story takes its course to a most dramatic climax, and is interesting from the first page to the last. The first part of the book is the best, and the most amusing. An author naturally describes best that for which he has sympathy and liking; therefore America and Americans are highly favoured in this book, both in intention and in treatment. We are shown a New York that is not only opulent, gay, brilliant, cultured, but also of the highest virtue. Social relations are of the most delightful kind. The finest and most intimate sympathy, lavish generosity, overflowing affection and kindness of heart are ordinary matters of course in family life. This is an attractive picture; but unless it very much surpasses in verisimilitude the representation of English life which follows it can only be regarded as a highly-coloured fancy sketch. We all know something of the methods by which the American multi-millionaire acquires and retains possession of his millions. We know the essential character, the special and peculiar qualities of mind which lead to the possession of enormous wealth in America, and it is only by making the utmost allowance for the apparently strange inconsistencies of human nature that we can at all believe in the almost seraphic goodness of Reuben Vanderpoel, and it is only in stories of this class that we meet with extreme simplicity and sentimental ingenuousness in Americans. These qualities, if they do or did exist, although represented in the book as a most admirable characteristic, appear to us as the outcome of a mere blind and childish egoism which a larger appreciation of finer things would naturally remove. Thus, only unconsciously are we shown any sidelights on American character, which is held up for our admiration with only its virtues exhibited to us. The same lack of artistic method is seen in the violent juxtaposition of two such characters as the excessively feeble and spiritless Rosalie and her husband, the lurid villain, Sir Nigel. It is quite incredible that Rosalie, with her American habits, her control of large sums of money, and living in the freedom of an English country house, should have found it impossible to communicate with her family in America to inform them of the straits to which she was reduced by a brutal husband, and that she should thus suffer for twelve years, until rescued by a younger sister, who conceives the idea—which apparently had not occurred to the parents—of insisting upon seeing Rosalie in person. This sister is the redeeming feature of the book. Heartily as we detest the much-vaunted ideal of perverted womanhood, the American girl, we cannot refuse our admiration to this delightful Bettina. Her development from

a precocious American child into a charming woman is well done. Her Americanisms hardly offend us, so delightful is she, so human, so womanly. We like, too, her romantic and impoverished lover. The tale comes to a melodramatic and happy ending, leaving the not too critical reader with an optimistic impression.

*Vronina.* By OWEN RHOSCOMYL. (Duckworth, 6s.)

IN the modern novel or play the straight, clean, unsophisticated man who looks through shibboleths and shams is for some reason almost always a Colonial, and generally an Australian. It is so in Mr. Owen Vaughan's or "Owen Rhoscomyl's" admirable new novel "Vronina." But, fortunately, these facts are merely stated, are not made good in the ordinary way. Lewis Chaloner may indeed be "the man with the eyes," and with the compulsion of character that is usual in his kind; but he is delicate in consideration and courtesy, he vibrates, he has no blankness to the half-lights of scruple. It is only a legitimate device of convention that makes him return to Wales from some Colonial settlement; he does not return in any way a conventional Colonial. His speech is still an excellent and passionate English, and the half-closed bud of a rose in a quite parochial garden can still do him mischief. In this kind of way Mr. Owen Vaughan uses his mechanism as a thing almost separate from the central story of love. The local colour, of which most modern novelists would have made so much that it would have become the whole significance of the novel, is given lightly, like a sort of scenic accident. The Welsh Revival, which brings about the catastrophe and the opening of the secret things, is given not for itself, or because it is topical, not as an episode to usurp a special interest, but as a proper means to the catastrophe. But the living heart of the story, which is the fight of love between Ina Vronina and Lewis Chaloner, has no absolute relation to this particular time and place, or to any time and place. It is the eternal matter of soul alone with soul, and the wind of completion that was from the beginning blows about them and touches into music the finest nerves of terrestrial being. It is no negligible art that can simplify the canvass of a story to this extent, leaving nothing but the old dual mystery, and yet keep the response of the attention eager, and not afraid of repetition. But the growth and fluctuation of the passion between these two never fails to stimulate, has an excitement that is without pause, a regal succession of difference. And Mr. Owen Vaughan draws out this whole epic fight of their love with a swift power of poetry. He has what may be called, without disparagement, the journalistic touch, the free sweep of the hand, rather than the finer motions of etching. But he usually succeeds, he writes passages of more than ordinarily good prose, bearing themselves along with a lift and real appeal of rhythm. He certainly makes the big blunders, such as "he would not let she herself deny him," "so able to so touch a man," "they were matter-of-factly placing," "resolvedness" and so on, but—strange as it may now seem—*Vronina* is full of prose written with an active knowledge of the way to write it well.

*The Devil and Dolores.* By ARTHUR APPLIN. (Everett & Co., 6s.)

THIS book would appear to be the result of a course of mixed feeding on the *Sporting Times*, the first volume of "Poems and Ballads," and Ruff's "Guide to the Turf." As a *feuilleton* in a halfpenny newspaper it would doubtless fulfil its purpose admirably; but in the form of a six-shilling novel it is not a success.

Before reading it we never fully realised the truth of the poet's words:

Many a mad magenta minute  
Lights the Lavender of Life.

Every chapter is crammed with "magenta minutes," and the characters, from Dolores who is described as follows: "Age uncertain; the age that irritates mothers with unmarried daughters, and daughters with blighted hopes. Eyes big, brown, dreamy; with the innocence of a child, and the wisdom of the ancients; lips that were twin children born of a kiss and a sigh; hair dark as night, star-threaded—" to Vogel, the financier and sporting villain are as amazing as those in the most scarlet Surrey-side melodrama. We may mention that "The Devil" is a horse, and that there are some "strong" racing scenes.

*The Forbidden Way.* By F. J. COX. (Griffiths, 6s.)

MR. COX is, obviously, a novelist with a future. His first book, "A Stranger Within the Gates," showed skilful workmanship, descriptive charm, and a refreshing optimism tempered by just that touch of pessimism which is essential to save a man from the peculiar morbidity and unhealthiness engendered alike by pessimism and optimism unrestrained. Mr. Cox has touched life at many points, and yet, for him, life still retains something of its glamour, and he has not ceased to regard it with a certain wonder and amazement. It is no small thing, this ability to view life with the naked eye; for the man who flinches, who dons his smoked or yellowed glasses, may be something of an artist, but can never be a true realist. Mr. Cox is at once an artist and a realist. You may sympathise with or violently condemn his literary predilections and prejudices, but it is impossible to forget that. His picture of village life in the Cotswolds is painted with consummate skill, and the figures which people his landscapes are not wholly conventional figures, for he has never "posed" them, and by taking them unawares he has given animation to them all. It is possible for a critic to tear his detail to pieces; but the picture, with all its charm, will remain. We do not suggest that "The Forbidden Way" is a great book; it is nothing of the sort; but we do say that it is a very charming book, a book to be read with pleasure, and here and there with delight. We believe that Mr. Cox will do better work—his present novel seems to show traces of haste—but he has no reason to be ashamed of the work he has done. He errs in suggesting that a critic allowed to sign his name in a review of the *Parthenon's* standing would accept a commission to report for a daily; he confuses the reader in referring to the squire of Bishopdene as Colonel Tracy on one line and Mr. Tracy on another, for there is a Mr. Tracy in the same village; he is mistaken in writing of meadowsweet as a spring flower; his Irish brogue is very badly done (for instance, you are not "just after" kissing a lady till the act has been accomplished—or committed); and we think that a little more time might have been spent with advantage on the characters of John and Philip Glenfall. But these are small things; a rare and charming picture, as we have said, remains.

*The Shattered Idol.* By MAX BARING. (Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.)

"THE SHATTERED IDOL" has shattered for all time any hopes we ever entertained of Mr. Max Baring's ability to write a novel of real merit. Two earlier books by this author—"A Doctor in Corduroy," and "The Canon's Butterfly"—seemed to show some promise, though neither of them possessed any considerable distinction. They were quiet, unexciting,



restful to the jaded reviewer, perhaps, containing good snapshots of ordinary people whose portraits were already fixed in everyone's mind; and that was all. There was no thought, no true ability, no great charm, no latent power behind them. "The Shattered Idol"—though we never discovered whether the title refers to the man or the woman, or the church or the little marble god—is frankly tiresome: a thing to provoke the reader to undignified yawns, and to lure him to the arms of Morpheus in the comfort of an easy chair. A precocious child might have written it—and seen the futility of the inane "prefatory note." Mr. Baring may rest assured that his novel will disturb nobody's equanimity and rouse no one to wrath. It is quite a negligible quantity.

*The Thinking Machine.* By JACQUES FURTELLE.  
(Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

THIS, the latest imitation of "Sherlock Holmes," hails from America, though there is nothing on the title page to indicate the fact. It contains a number of stories, all of which centre round the personality of a marvellous scientist, Professor Van Dusen, "the thinking machine." They are quite ingenious in their way, and those who like this sort of thing will find them fair examples of their kind. They are not altogether devoid of literary merit.

*Mr. Meyer's Pupil.* EVA LATHBURY. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

THIS novel is of considerable promise, though only of partial achievement. It is a first book and this author's lack of self-confidence and of confidence in her heroine has caused her to provide the latter with a wearisome mentor who could well have been dispensed with. The character of this girl, with her fresh and curious mind, her active fancy and her warmth of heart, is sufficiently interesting to stand alone, and not merely as Mr. Meyer's pupil. That it is Mr. Meyer who conceives and executes the scheme which forms the crucial incident of the plot—the expedient of awakening the soul of Lady Violet by kidnapping her child on the eve of her proposed flight with her lover—does not in the least reconcile us to his existence. The character of this emotional woman, burdened with an excess of vitality upon which the circumstances of her life make no serious demand, is well drawn and richly coloured. But the scheme by which she is saved from the moral abyss into which she was about to plunge is one which would have aroused the keenest resentment in such a woman, rather than her penitent gratitude. The author of this book evidently aspires to be a disciple of Mr. Henry James; but while imitating with a certain superficial success his minute and subtle method, she is far from attaining any degree of Mr. James's exactness of expression. The book is full of tautologies, and of odd infelicities in the use of words, and the conversations are too long and often become quite meaningless from too much straining after subtleties. With these faults, which are technical ones that more experience will remove, the book has much that is pleasing, delicate thought, and light irony, with an atmosphere of good feeling and kindness of heart. We shall look forward with pleasure to a more mature book from this author.

## MUSIC

### ALFRED BRUNEAU

It is too late in the day to urge objections, however true they may be, against the practice of producing biographies of people who have scarcely yet risen to the

height of their careers. They will be written, and, what is more to the point, published, because there is a large public ready to read about any name familiar as that of one who is a living force in current politics, literature, or art. So Mr. Henry J. Wood and Sir Edward Elgar headed the list as subjects for the series known as "Living Masters of Music." Having thus done homage to the enthusiasm for national music and musicians, it became possible to go further afield, and the latest volume issued, "Alfred Bruneau," by Arthur Hervey, deals with the life and work of one who, to the majority of readers, can be little more than a name. The number of performances of important works by Bruneau, at Covent Garden and elsewhere in London, might almost be counted on the fingers of one hand, so that the Englishman who is dependent for his music upon what he can get at home has had little chance of knowing his work, though it is one of the most active forces in modern French opera. Under such circumstances, a biography of the kind has a practical usefulness which makes it more worth the writing than that of musicians whose work is thoroughly familiar. It can spread a knowledge which, though taken at second hand by the reader, may be sufficiently stimulating to make him seek for a closer acquaintance with works which he might never have troubled to know otherwise, and it may even play its part in creating a demand which will result in further performances of those works in England. One forgives such a book its sketchy, unfinished nature; true, it stops just where we want to know more, but if it has made that want sufficiently strong to send the reader away to study scores, and, when possible, to hear performances, it has served its purpose. Evidently this is what Mr. Arthur Hervey has aimed at; his biography of Bruneau is compressed into a dozen short pages; there are no little anecdotes or pictures, of the kind which remind one of the illustrated interview, with the same aggravating results; but a simple statement to show the surroundings amongst which Bruneau was brought up, and how his life has shaped itself, illustrated by a few portraits, well produced from photographs. A French upbringing, a whole-hearted devotion to Wagner, and a devoted friendship with Emil Zola, are the points of biography which explain the attitude of Bruneau towards art, and these need to be emphasised before beginning a study of his work. Having done so, Mr. Hervey goes on to describe in turn the course of each opera, and to give definiteness to his discussion of their music by the quotation of a few leading themes. This, with the addition of the composer's own words about one or two of the operas, beginning "Ce que j'ai voulu faire?" is practically all, and a short chapter on Bruneau's views as a musical critic, in which again there is apt quotation, sums up the whole very well. Mr. Hervey is enthusiastic about his subject, but he does not fall into the error, as so many writers upon music do, of filling his book with accounts of the personal impression which the music makes upon himself. In this lies the success of the book that the author is content to introduce his subject to the reader, and leave the acquaintance to ripen into a friendship where and when it can do so.

## ŒUVRES EN PROSE DE R. WAGNER

M. PROD'HOMME, the eminent French critic, has undertaken the translation of Wagner's prose works into French, and the first volume has now appeared ("Œuvres en Prose de Richard Wagner." Traduites en française par J. G. Prod'homme. Librairie De la Grave.) The arrangement follows that of the *Gesammelte Schriften* closely, omitting the dramatic works and poems, and in the present volume including the

articles, "Stabat Mater de Pergolèse" and "Halevy et la Reine de Chypre," which do not appear in the *Gesammelte Schriften*. The translator states the principle of his method in a short introduction:

Nous nous sommes efforcé de rendre l'original par une traduction aussi fidèle que possible, fût-ce (bien-souvent !) au prix de l'élégance et de la clarté chères au lecteur français. C'est, croyons-nous, la seule façon de faire connaître un auteur étranger, lorsque surtout cet auteur a été, comme Wagner, l'objet de tant d'élucubrations souvent inutiles, et, documentées inexactement.

But in the first volume M. Prod'homme's most important task has been that of the editor rather than of the translator, for it happens that the bulk of the volume is made up of the articles which Wagner contributed to the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, when he was in Paris in 1840 and 1841. They reappear under the general title, "Un Musicien allemand à Paris," a translation of that which Wagner adopted when he revised them for the *Gesammelte Schriften*. For the purposes of this volume, the original French of the *Gazette Musicale* has been used, but all Wagner's later revisions and emendations for the German edition are included as footnotes. These revisions were, however, slight, almost disappointingly so, when we have here in a single volume the two editions separated by some thirty years, and are thus given the opportunity of making what might be an interesting comparison. They are in most cases merely the alteration of a phrase, and only occasionally add anything to the sense of a passage. One case may be quoted where in the essay on the *Freischütz*, having spoken of its immense popularity, he addresses his French hearers with: "Mais ce que vous chantiez, le compreniez-vous? J'ai doute fort." Here in the edition of the *Gesammelte Schriften* he substitutes the following suggestive sentence for one which did not add much to the idea:

Sur quoi se fonde mon doute, c'est assez difficile à dire, pas moins difficile que l'expliquer cette nature allemande si étrange, dont proviennent ces sons, et je croirais presque, à commencer par le mot *Wald*, que vous ne connaissez pas. *La Bois* est tout autre chose, tout différent, de même que votre *rêverie* de notre sensibilité.

M. Prod'homme's skill as a translator is shown in the autobiography which begins the first volume, and in the second article on Halevy's "La Reine de Chypre," which ends it, and which first appeared in the *Abend Zeitung*, of Dresden. His powers will be more severely tested in dealing with the essays on artistic subjects, which will form the substance of later volumes. It is rather surprising that the task of making a French translation of Wagner's prose works should have remained unaccomplished for so long. Now, when Wagner's artistic theories are bearing fruit in the compositions of Frenchmen for the stage, and it is to the younger school of French composers even more than to Wagner's countrymen that we look for the direct development of his methods, it is but natural that this work should be undertaken. M. Prod'homme renders an important service to his national art by his faithful discharge of the double office of editor and translator.

H. C. C.

## DRAMA

### "THE THIEF" AT THE ST. JAMES'S

I DID not see M. Bernstein's *Le Voleur* at the Renaissance, but I remember reading about it and wondering if we should see it in an English dress. On the one hand, it evidently had a very "strong situation," a quite tremendous *scène à faire* of the kind which is certain, if it be at all adequately done, to make a success. On the other hand, it was evidently very French—very theatrically French, that is to say. A woman, conscious that her husband's love depends on the preservation of her beauty, is so confident of the power of expensive dresses to achieve this desirable end that she runs into debt to procure them, is driven to steal her

friend's money, and commits the far worse offence of allowing an innocent person to accept the blame. Now, it is difficult for an English audience to be so sympathetic with physical passion as to feel anything but disgust for such a situation, and in this case, moreover, the passion, depending as it does by hypothesis on the effect of pretty dresses, is rather a contemptible affair. Then, too, there is the regular convention of the French theatre that on whatever terms of affection a married couple may be, a husband is ready to suspect his wife of unfaithfulness on the slightest provocation. My French friends tell me that that is no more characteristic of French life than of English; however, it is a convention of their stage and so accepted, while it is not one of ours. Still, the strong scene was so strong that I was pretty sure *Le Voleur* would be adapted in due course (like most other French plays) by Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, and would be a success, and here it is.

It was certainly a success on Tuesday night, and I think it will run. But it owes it entirely to the strong scene of the second act, where the husband, rummaging among his wife's belongings, finds the bank notes—people don't usually keep drawers full of bank notes in England, which is unfortunate for the illusion—the bank notes which prove his wife to have committed the theft for which their host's son had accepted the blame in the preceding act; and where, with rather crude psychology, he jumps to the conclusion that she must be the boy's mistress. The scene is extremely well played. I always reflect with pride that I discovered Miss Irene Vanbrugh to be a born actress, the real thing, long before she achieved that reputation in *The Gay Lord Quex*. She might, perhaps, have given Marise's passion for her husband a fuller expression, but her terror and despair were splendid. Mr. Alexander, too, might have been more passionate, but he never for a moment let the scene down—a difficult achievement for an English player in a scene of passion with rather stilted dialogue.

For Mr. Gordon-Lennox has not helped his players very often with the just word. He may have been too anxious to be "literary." Such a remark as "Your dismissal can hardly have been irrevocable, since an hour later you were ready to ask so considerable a boon at Harry's hand"—my apology if I have not remembered it quite right—such a remark is, of course, very beautiful English, but is not perhaps quite as a man torn with rage and jealousy would have expressed himself. It is not enough for an adapter to find an English idiom for a French: he should ask himself how an Englishman in a given situation would have spoken. I think, too, that Mr. Gordon-Lennox might have taken greater pains to bring the story into line with English life, though I doubt if any ingenuity could have made it plausible. The boy lover is made ingenuous, shy, simple-hearted, and such a boy would not be likely to make love to the wives of his father's friends. An audacious young rascal, with a moment of reckless self-sacrifice, would have been a little more in the picture. In the ingenuous vein, however, Mr. Reginald Owen played extremely well, and made one of the hits of the evening. By the way, being exiled for a time to Brazil does not seem so terrible a thing to an English audience as to a French: at the Renaissance, I am told, people wept at the dreadful idea.

G. S. S.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### MR. MACHEN'S PLACE AMONG CONTEMPORARY WRITERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Ross, in his able article in last week's ACADEMY, gave us a list of what he considered our best novelists. It is a list with which I personally substantially agree, though, of



course, it would be possible to alter it or enlarge it according to one's individual taste. There is one name, however, which I was surprised to see omitted—that of Mr. Arthur Machen. The author of "The Great God Pan," the splendid Stevensonian "Three Impostors," "The House of Souls," and "The Hill of Dreams," has surely a right to a very high place among contemporary writers of fiction. For my own part, I should put him at the head of all our living novelists, with the exception of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy. Except on the principle that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country, I cannot see how Mr. Ross can have failed to recognise his claims in THE ACADEMY.

ARTHUR MILBANK.

[We agree with Mr. Milbank in his high estimate of Mr. Machen's work. We imagine, however, that, like ourselves, Mr. Ross would be inclined to class Mr. Machen rather as a writer of romances as distinct from novels than as a novelist; and we are under the impression that Mr. Machen himself would not describe himself as a novelist. As a writer of romances Mr. Machen does more than stand high among contemporary writers, he stands, as far as we are able to judge, alone. The difference between a writer of romances and a writer of novels is a subject on which we invite correspondence.—EDITOR.]

#### THE BRITISH MUSEUM SELECTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I trespass a little on your valuable space in order to offer a few remarks on this subject? The selection seems, to my mind, to be just about as bad as it could be; but I propose to refer to only one name that has been omitted, because no one, as far as I have seen, has noticed its omission, much less raised a protest against it—I mean Burke. Some people, I am aware, will say that Burke was a mere politician, and will ask what has he to do with literature. The time for this ought to have gone by; unfortunately it has not. It was Burke who first raised politics to the level of literature—indeed, one might say that he is the only person that has done so. No other writer has ever had such a splendid mastery of English prose; and no one has ever put it to nobler use. His speeches and writings, so far from having nothing to do with our national literature, form one of its chief glories. What Shakespeare is as a poet, such is Burke as a prose-writer. A combination of so many great and noble qualities—deep thought, genuine philosophy, wisdom, sincerity—expressed in such an incomparable manner, we shall seek elsewhere in vain.

November 12.

V. COGAN.

#### MORTAL MEN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I reply to Mr. Beaufoy, through your review, that his comment on your reader's criticism of my novel, "Mortal Men," is, I think, misleading.

I was not conscious when I was writing the book that I was laying myself open to the charge of representing my sex as lustful or vicious. My aim was to portray a woman's desire for life and love, the danger to which inordinate encouragement of that desire exposed her, should temptation come—as it did in the case of my heroine—and the punishment following upon her abandonment to the dictates of passion when circumstances forced her to realise, as inevitably they must in the case of a good woman, the full extent of the wrong she had done to herself.

The suggestion that an author, precluded by circumstances or principles from treading the "primrose path" herself, culls a vicarious enjoyment from describing the adventures of the characters in her novel is one that has made this author thoughtful.

JESSIE LECKIE HERBERTSON.

November 11.

#### SUNDAY TRAVELLING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Ashton comes to a pretty conclusion in telling the clergy to mind their own business. There is an old proverb about glass-houses and stones. Mr. Ashton began the correspondence by abusing a vicar who found it inconvenient to have his organist living at a distance from the parish.

Whose business was that? Apart from this particular case, it is, perhaps, conceivable that the clergy are as capable as Mr. Ashton to judge what is their business and what is not.

Mr. Ashton declares that his case could not be stated "more convincingly, more unanswerably, and more crushingly" than it was in Mr. Balthasar's letter. Then the case must be in a very poor way, and perhaps that accounts for the violence of its supporter's language. The fallacy of Mr. Balthasar's attempt at a *reductio ad absurdum* is obvious. The clergy object to unnecessary Sunday travelling because they believe that a day's rest is beneficial. For the same reasons they advocate police protection and milkmen's calls on Sunday. There is no inconsistency here.

It is a pity a matter of this sort should arouse such intemperate language. No cause is likely to be advanced by abuse arising from a careless misconception of an opponent's principles. While grieving that Mr. Ashton and Mr. Balthasar have been so cruelly annoyed by those who wish to reduce the amount of Sunday travelling, I am comforted to read that they are finding some compensation in the perusal of one another's letters.

November 12.

C. O. A.

#### THE HAPPY LAND

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A curious error has crept into a volume by G. S. Layard, entitled "A Great Punch Editor, Shirley Brooks," which is worth correction.

On page 536 Shirley wrote in his diary, under date March 7, 1873, that "The Lord Chamberlain has stopped a piece at the Court Theatre, by Labouchere, in which Gladstone, Lowe, and Ayrton are introduced." Mr. Layard tries to correct this in a foot-note, where he says: "I think Shirley must have been referring to *The Happy Lord*, which was not by Mr. Labouchere, but by Robert Reece."

The correction is more incorrect than the original statement. It was *The Happy Land* (not *Lord*) to which Shirley referred, and it was written by "F. Tomline and Gilbert A'Beckett," the former supposed to be Mr. W. S. Gilbert, of whose *Wicked World* the interdicted piece was a burlesque. Curiously enough, no reference is made to the incident in the "A'Becketts of *Punch*."

The interdict was withdrawn, in the course of a few days, on Miss Lytton, the manageress of the Court Theatre, undertaking to alter the make-up of the statesmen's faces.

It is certain that neither Labouchere nor Reece had anything to do with *The Happy Land*, which I was fortunate enough to see on its first production on 3rd March, 1873.

G. S.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

##### ART

Short, Ernest H. *A History of Sculpture*. Heinemann, 7s. 6d. net

##### BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

- Brereton, Capt. *With Wolseley to Kumasi*. Blackie, 6s.  
 Macdonald, Robert M. *The Great White Chief*. Blackie, 6s.  
 Strang, Herbert. *King of the Air*. Frowde, and Hodder & Stoughton, 2s. 6d.  
 Kingston, W. H. G. *Hendrick the Hunter*. Frowde, and Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.  
 Henty, G. A. *The Cat of Bubastes*. Blackie, 3s. 6d.  
 Pollard, Eliza F. *The Queen's Favourite*. Blackie, 2s. 6d.  
 Ker, David. *Under the Flag of France*. Blackie, 5s.  
 St. Leger, Hugh. *An Ocean Outlaw*. Blackie, 3s.  
 Henty, G. A. *One of the 28th*. Blackie, 3s. 6d.  
 Kirlew, Marianne. *Her Path to the Stars*. Gay & Bird, 5s.  
*The Experience of Isabel*. By A. E. D. S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d.

##### EDUCATIONAL

- La Jeunesse de Chateaubriand*. Edited by Gerald Goodridge. Oxford: the Clarendon Press, 3s.  
 Feuillet, Octave. *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*. Edited by J. Laffitte. Oxford: the Clarendon Press, 3s.  
*Geometry of the Conic*. By G. H. Bryan and R. H. Pinkerton. Dent, n.p.

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- Crawford, F. Marion. *Soprano, a Portrait*. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.
- Crawford, F. Marion. *Whosoever Shall Offend*. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.
- Norris, W. E. *His Grace*. Nelson, 7d. net.
- The History of the Popes during the last Four Centuries*. By Leopold Von Ranke. In 3 volumes. Bell, 2s. net.
- The Swiss Family Robinson*. Edited by G. E. Mitton. Black, 6s.
- Kingsley, Charles. *The Water-Babies*. Adapted by Ella Thomson. Marshall, 1s.
- Borrow, George. *The Bible in Spain*. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.
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- Richter, Eugene. *Pictures of the Socialistic Future*. Swan Sonnenschein, 1s. net.
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- Haigh, A. E. *The Attic Theatre*. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 10s. 6d. net.
- Autobiography of Edward Gibbon*. Oxford University Press, 1s. net.
- Carroll, Lewis. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. Chatto & Windus, 5s. net.
- The Song of Roland*. Translated into English by Jessie Crosland, with an introduction by Professor L. M. Brandin. Chatto & Windus, n.p.
- Heywood Thomas. *A Woman Killed with Kindness*. Griffiths, 1s. net.
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- Descriptive Handbook of the Glasgow Corporation Public Libraries*. Glasgow: The University Press, n.p.
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- The Diary of Master William Silence*. By the Right Hon. D. H. Madden. Longmans, Green, 6s. 6d. net.
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Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S First Published Contribution appeared in PUBLIC OPINION for April 3, 1875. It was a letter concerning Moody and Sankey, and has quite the Shavian manner.

This letter was REPRINTED in last week's issue (November 8) of

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